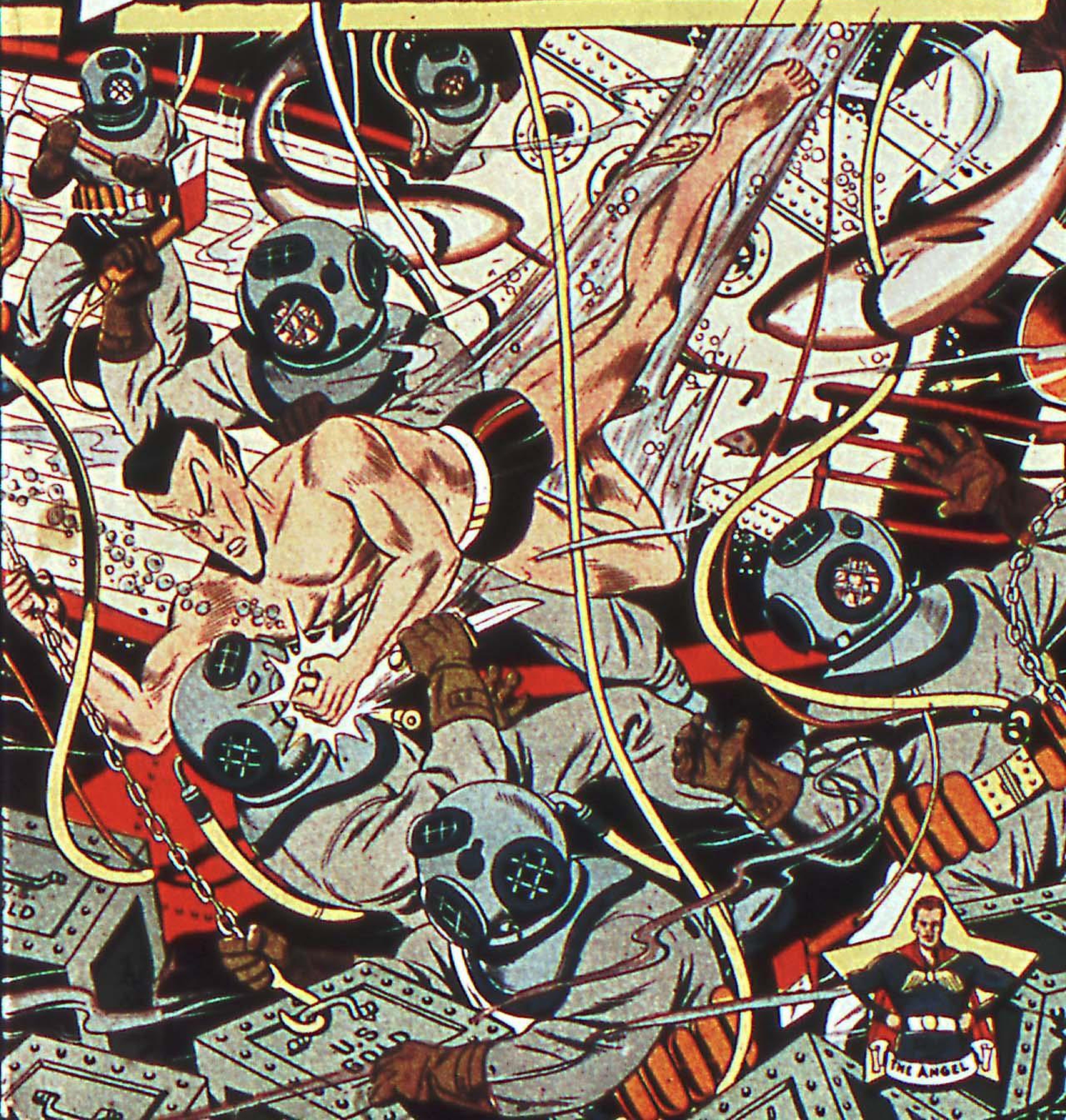
WINTER ISSUE NO. 18 10¢

SUB-MARINER

COMICS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SUB-MARINER
AN ARTIST AT MURDER! A FIENDISH DESIGNER OF DIABOLICAL DEATH! FROM SUCH A MASTER-MIND OF MURDER, COME THE WEIRDEST CRIMES THAT THE SUBMARINER HAS YET BEEN CALLED UPON TO SOLVE . . . ODDS MOUNT HIGH, AND THE MIGHTY CRIME-WARRIOR'S LIFE IS GRIMLY IMPERILED AS HE PLUNGES INTO THE MYSTIFYING PUZZLE OF
"THE FANTASY OF HATE!"
R.193

SUBMARINER IS ATTENDING A PARTY ABOARD A FRIEND'S YACHT . . .
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ROB KANE! UH, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING!
LITTLE - - - -? JEEVERS! PUT IT ON THE DECK TABLE WITH THE OTHER GIFTS! I'LL OPEN THEM LATER!
I'VE DOUBLE REASON FOR CELEBRATING! MY SISTER LAURA IS COMING IN FROM SOUTH AMERICA . . . LIVED THERE FOR MANY YEARS! IT'S A BRIEF VISIT TO SETTLE HER SHARE OF OUR FATHER'S ESTATE! NOW COME ON-- MEET THE CROWD!
DEEP-SEA FISHING EQUIPMENT! THANKS, SUBMARINER!
DON'T GO FISHING SUBMARINER UP! WHAT'S NEXT?
THIS PURPLE PACKAGE! IT LOOKS INTRIGUING!
IT'S A . . . A . . DEATH MASK! OF ME! -- OH!
ROB!
HE'S FALLING OVERBOARD!
IN TWINKLING TIME, THE MIGHTY NAMOR STRIPS FOR ACTION . . .
SPLASH

HE SANK FAST---TOO FAST--AND WITHOUT A STRUGGLE! HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
SECONDS LATER—A LAUNCH SPEEDS TOWARD THE YACHT WITH LAURA KANE . .
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE ROB! THAT'S WHY I RUSHED RIGHT FROM THE PLANE TO --- CAPTAIN, IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?
A SWIMMER'S OUT THERE WITH SOMEONE IN TOW! THEY'VE REACHED THE YACHT!
FORTUNATELY WE HAVE A DOCTOR AMONG US!
UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN DO NOTHING! HE'S DEAD! HE WAS DEAD WHEN HE TOPPLED OVERBOARD! HEART FAILURE, FROM SHOCK!
ROB DEAD! OH, NO!
IT CAN'T BE....! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
STEADY THERE! ROB RECEIVED A HORRIBLE GIFT -- A DEATH MASK! WE OUGHT TO TURN THAT MASK OVER TO THE POLICE!
WE SHOULD, BUT WHERE IS IT?
IT'S GONE FROM HERE! ANYBODY SEE IT? NOTHING BUT SOME PIECES OF GLASS WHERE IT FELL!
MUST HAVE COME FROM THE GLASS I DROPPED! BUT THE MASK SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE!
IT COULDN'T JUST VANISH!
THIS WENT THROUGH THE MAIL, BUT NO RETURN ADDRESS! IT'LL BE A TOUGH JOB TO TRY TO TRACK DOWN THE SENDER!
I'LL GLADLY PAY $5000. REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS! MY BROTHER'S DEATH MUST BE AVENGED!

I'LL START THIS OFF WITH A TRIP TO THE POLICE! MAYBE THEY CAN OFFER SOME INFORMATION!
LATER....
YOU SAY, KANE'S DEATH IS THE FOURTH DEATH MASK ONE?
YES! THE FIRST WAS MRS. ELSIE MAXWELL, SOCIETY WOMAN... THEN ROY EDWARDS, AN ENGINEER, AND DON LEMIRA, A POOR MUSICIAN... AND NOW KANE, A BUSINESS MAN! NO CONNECTION BETWEEN ANY OF THEM!
WHAT'S MORE --- WE'VE RECEIVED DEATH MASKS OF EACH, BEFORE THEY GOT THEIR'S! BUT WE HAD NO WAY OF WARNING THEM BECAUSE WE WERE UNABLE TO IDENTIFY THE MASKS AT RANDOM! HAVE A LOOK AT THEM . . . .
THESE MASKS ARE OF LIGHT METAL AND VERY SKILLFULLY FASHIONED! IT WOULD TAKE AN EXPERT ---- IF I COULD FIND OUT WHO ---
I'D LIKE YOUR HELP ON THIS CASE, SUBMARINER!
A HALF HOUR LATER, AT BETTY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE . . .
IT TOOK DIGGING, BUT HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THE BEST MASK-MAKERS IN TOWN!
MMM! THANKS, BETTY --- I'LL START RIGHT OUT!
WE'LL START RIGHT OUT! I'VE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN NAILING THAT MASK-MAKER, BECAUSE LAURA KANE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! I MET HER ON A VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA! SHE'S A SWELL KID!
STEP ALONG! NEWSHAWK!

SOON, NAMOR AND BETTY REACH THE EGRAUS' SHOP ON THE WATERFRONT.
WHAT A CHEERFUL PLACE!
IT IS MY HUSBAND'S WISH TO SURROUND ME WITH HAPPINESS THOUGH MY EYES ARE IN TOTAL BLINDNESS.. BUT WHO ARE YOU? DO YOU WISH TO MAKE A PURCHASE?
I'M SUBMARINER! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND ON A PERSONAL MATTER!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU! IT IS AN HONOR! YOU WILL FIND FRANZ IN HIS WORKSHOP--RIGHT HAND DOOR! HE'S HAPPY LIKE A BOY, BECAUSE HE JUST RECEIVED THE PACKAGE OF NEW PAINTS HE ORDERED!
AS NAMOR STEPS INTO THE WORKSHOP . . .
OH!
GOOD LORD! WHAT HE RECEIVED WAS A DEATH MASK, TOO!
POOR FELLOW,-- HE'S DEAD!
MY FRANZ! HE WAS SO HAPPY . . . HE SAID . . . HIS PAINTS--
IT WAS A TERRIBLE TRICK, SENDING A DEATH MASK OF . . . NAMOR! THE MASK!
CREEPING CATFISH! IT'S GONE, TOO!
MOMENTS LATER..
THAT ELIMINATES EGRAUS! NOW TO TRY J. SARAMBI!
I'VE GOT TO HOP BACK TO THE OFFICE TO GET THIS STORY INTO THE NEXT EDITION! REMEMBER, IF YOU BREAK THIS CASE, I GET THE SCOOP, WATER BOY!

SOON AFTER, IN SARAMBI'S SHOP -- GLOOMY, GROTESQUE . .
YOU ASK IF I MAKE THOSE DEATH MASKS? WHAT NONSENSE! I HAVEN'T EVEN WORKED IN DAYS, EVER SINCE I BROKE MY ARM!
IT LOOKS CRUDELY BANDAGED! I WONDER . .
SUDDENLY . .
LOOK OUT!
YOUR TRICKING ME WAS TO YOUR DISADVANTAGE, FISH-MAN! I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU!
SO!!!
YIPE!
I'LL GET HIM ---- THIS CAULDRON
BONG!
THAT IRON COOKING POT SURE COOKED HIS GOOSE!
GOOD WORK! NOW WE MUST GO!
MOMENTS AFTER, AS THE STUNNING EFFECT OF THE BLOW WEARS OFF . . .
THEY GOT AWAY! WELL . . AT LEAST I KNOW SARAMBI'S THE MAKER OF DEATH, --- BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! MAYBE I CAN FIND A CLUE HERE TO WHERE HE'S GONE!

AFTER A KEEN SEARCH — FROM STUDIO TO CELLAR . . .
WORSE LUCK . . . NOT A LEAD! BUT WHAT'S THIS? A COMPARTMENT FILLED WITH MASK CASTS AND PLATES! MMM, THERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS FRESHLY MADE!
WEEPING WHALES! A CAST OF A DEATH MASK OF BETTY! HOPE SHE HASN'T RECEIVED IT YET! I MUST GET TO HER . . . AND FAST!
I'M SURE GLAD HER OFFICE IS ON THE WATERFRONT --- THIS WAY OF TRAVELING IS JUST MY SPEED!
WHILE AT BETTY'S DESK
OH, GLORY . . . I'VE RUN OUT OF PAPER! I THOUGHT THAT COPY BOY SAID HE BROUGHT UP A NEW SUPPLY ---
THERE'S A BOX! MAYBE THAT'S IT!
GOOD GRIEF! . . . . . IT'S A DEATH MASK!
DON'T!
OH!.
BETTY!

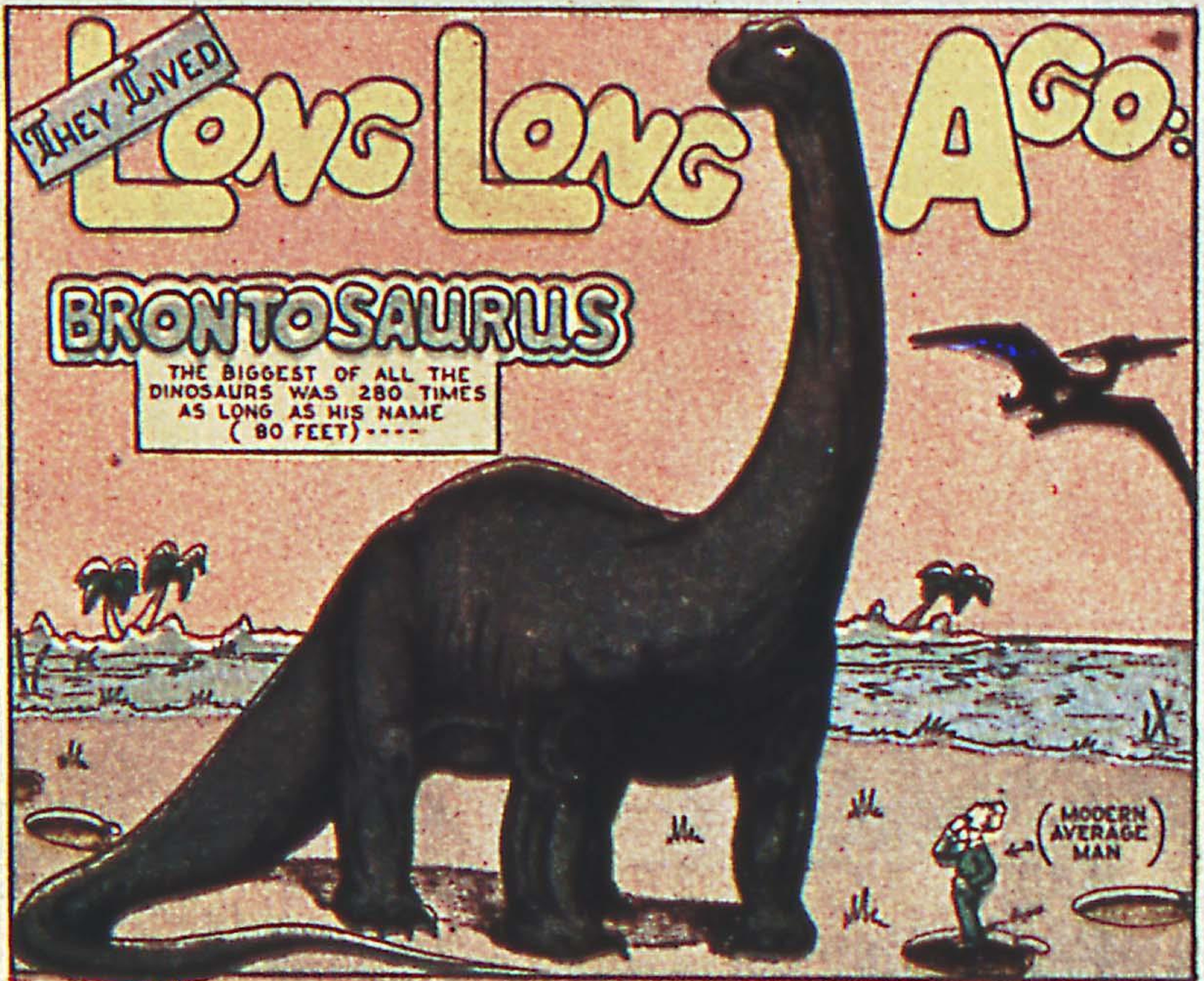
NAMOR WORKS DESPERATELY TO REVIVE THE STRICKEN GIRL -- AND SOON . . .
IT WAS SO HORRIBLE! I MUST HAVE FAINTED!
ONLY A FAINT, LUCKILY! YET SIGHT OF THE MASKS KILLED ALL THE OTHERS, BUT YOU DIDN'T TOUCH YOURS! THAT'S IT! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN IT'S TOUCH -- OF COURSE! POISON!
YOUR MASK VANISHED TOO... NO ONE HAD BROKEN ANY GLASS HERE! IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THE MASK! THOUGHT I SAW A NEEDLE JUTTING OUT OF AN EAR, WHEN IT FELL!
THIS LIQUID MUST BE POISON . . . . AND SOMETHING MORE -- THERE'S A DENT IN THIS STAND BASE! BUT I CAN'T BE SURE OF MY THEORY UNLESS I TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT ONE OF THE VICTIMS!
EGRAUS' BODY IS PROBABLY STILL IN THE SHOP!
THE SWIMMING CRIME-WARRIOR MAKES HIS MOVE . . .
THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING! IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT I'LL FIND A PIN PRICK IN HIS FINGER, WHERE HE TOUCHED THE POISON NEEDLE!
. . AND WITH COMET-SPEED REACHES THE EGRAUS SHOP . .
NO-ONE'S AROUND! MMM, A COFFIN! EGRAUS' BODY IS ALL READY FOR BURIAL! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
AS THE SEA-PRINCE MOVES CLOSER TO THE COFFIN, A GRUESOME SURPRISE . . .
JUMPING JELLYFISH! --- IT'S SARAMBI! NOT EGRAUS!
8

STILL GAZING STUNNED, NAMOR CATCHES A REFLECTION IN THE POLISHED LID . . .
SOMEONE'S COMING - AND NOT WITH GOOD NEWS!
YOU --EGRAUS! BACK-STABBER, HUH? THERE'S A LOT YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME!
SPLAT!
YOU MADE THOSE DEATH MASKS, DIDN'T YOU? WHY?
QUICK! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS LID!
THE COFFIN WILL SERVE MORE THAN ONE PURPOSE! LOCK HIM IN IT WITH SARAMBI! HA-HA-HA!
YOU HAVE SUCH A SENSE OF HUMOR, FRANZ!
BONG!
CRASH!
AS THE LID LOCKS TIGHT ON THE DEAD AND THE LIVING DEAD . . .
SUBMARINER! WHERE IS ---? EGRAUS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
A DRUG TO GIVE ME THE APPEARANCE OF DEATH --- BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, MY DEAR --- I SENT YOU A GIFT!
NAMOR SAVED ME! THEN THE POLICE CALLED TO WARN US BOTH! THEY HAD JUST RECEIVED THE DEATH MASK, TOO! I CAME TO TELL HIM ---
YOU'RE NOT STAYING LONG, MISS DEAN! WE'RE ALL TAKING A LITTLE TRIP ON MY LAUNCH! WALK!

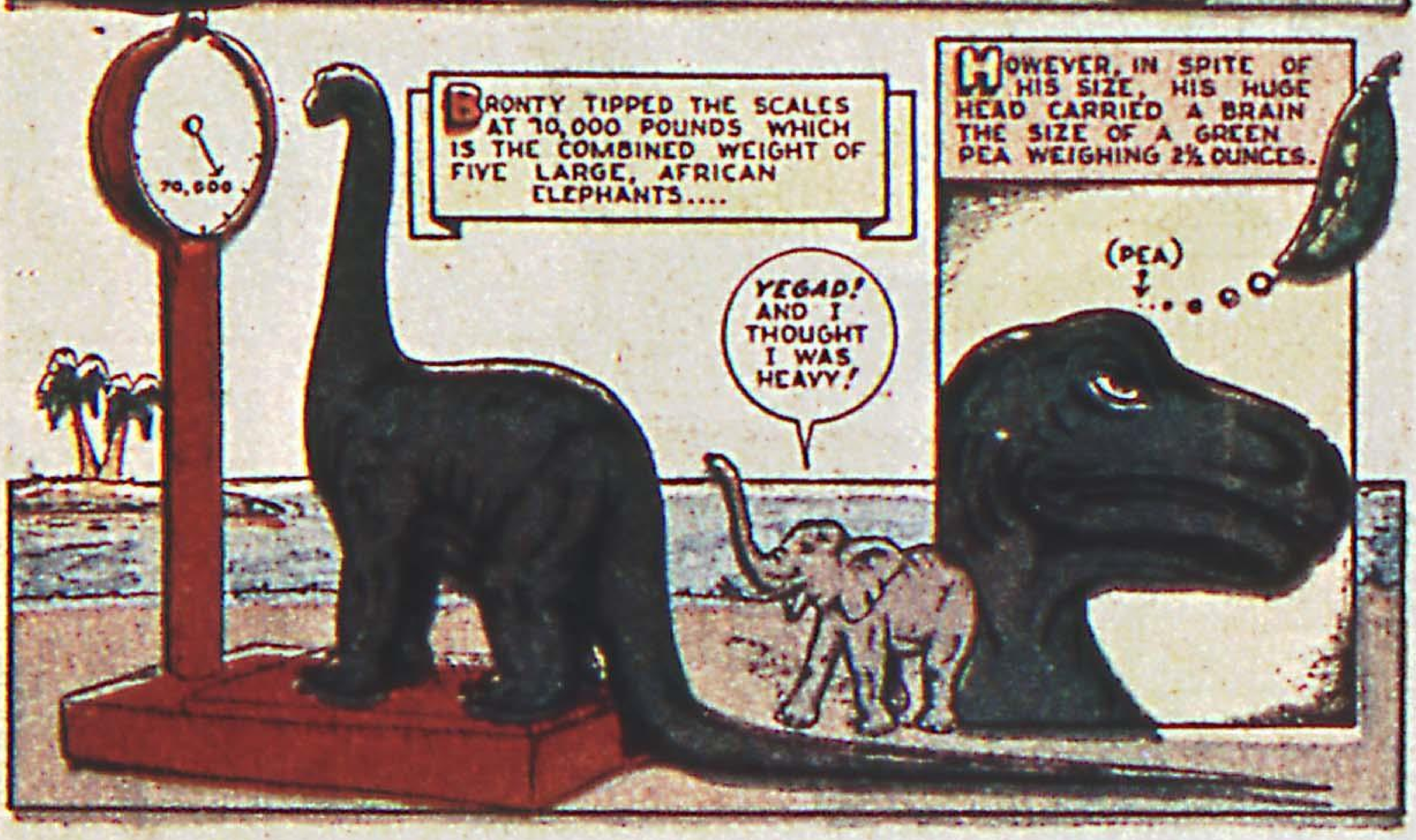
A GRIM PROCESSION BOARDS THE WAITING LAUNCH . . .
THROW THE COFFIN OVERBOARD! IT'S AIR-TIGHT, WATER-TIGHT, SO THERE'S NO WAY OUT FOR OUR TOO WISE FRIEND, SUBMARINER! AND IN DUE TIME, WE WILL KILL YOU TOO, BETTY!
MOMENTS LATER, NAMOR REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS . .
WHAT A SPOT . . . I HEAR THE ROAR OF WATER! MUST BE UNDERSEAS . . . I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS IRON CAGE!
"SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR".
MNNPH! NO USE! MY STRENGTH'S GONE . . . IF I COULD ONLY GET SOME WATER! WITH A FILE, OR KNIFE, I MIGHT CHIP THE IRON! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING ON SARAMBI!
WHAT'S THIS? A VIAL OF GLASS NEEDLES, FILLED WITH LIQUID! THOSE NEEDLES MUST HAVE BEEN THE KIND USED IN THE DEATH MASK!
THE DISC SEPARATES IT INTO TWO COMPARTMENTS! NO DOUBT THE POINTED END CONTAINS THE POISON . . AND IF THE OTHER END CONTAINS WHAT I THINK IT DOES --- NO HARM IN TRYING IT OUT!
10

IT'S STARTING TO CORRODE THE IRON ALREADY! NO WONDER THE DEATH MASKS VANISHED! A CHEMICAL IN WHICH LIQUID EATS INTO METAL . . . CAN'T WORK FAST ENOUGH FOR ME! THERE'S VERY LITTLE AIR LEFT!
AH! WATER! MY BEST FRIEND! MY STRENGTH'S COMING BACK! AND NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS HIDEOUS TOMB!
SWISH
. . . AND OVERTAKE THAT LAUNCH! THIS WATER MAKES ME FEEL LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING!
SWISH!
CRACK!
CRASH!
SOON AFTER, ON THE LAUNCH . . .
IT'S TIME TO DO AWAY WITH THE GIRL! ROCKY, YOU DO THE HONORS! ROCKY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SUBMARINER! HE--HE.. HE'S ---
BACK FROM THE GRAVE - - - - TO SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
YE-O-WWW!
BANG!
HELP
I MUST GET AWAY!

THE SEA PRINCE RACES IN NEW PURSUIT . . .
OH!
FOR A BLIND WOMAN, YOU SURE KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND! LOOKS LIKE I'M THE ONE WHO'S BEEN BLIND--TO YOU! THERE'S SOMETHING IN YOUR POCKET--- AND . . . .
SUBMARINER REMOVES A STARTLING FALSE FACE . .
A MASK OF LAURA KANE! JUST AS SOON AS I RELEASE BETTY AND TIE YOU UP AND YOUR GUN CREW, YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ---OR BETTER STILL . . . TELL THE POLICE!
LATER --AT HEADQUARTERS . .
GO ON, MRS. EGRAUS --- ALIAS LAURA, TALK!
I WAS HER SECRETARY IN SOUTH AMERICA! A FEW WEEKS AGO SHE DIED! I DECIDED TO TAKE HER PLACE AND COLLECT HER SHARE OF HER INHERITANCE--A FORTUNE! I SENT HER PICTURE TO MY HUSBAND! HE MADE THE MASK!
BUT I WAS AFRAID THOSE WHO KNEW HER WOULD PENETRATE MY DISGUISE! CERTAINLY ROB KANE WOULD!
AND BETTY! SHE HAD MET LAURA --- AND ALL THOSE OTHERS! BUT WHY SARAMBI! DID HE KNOW HER, TOO?
NO! BUT I NEEDED HIM TO HELP ME PROVIDE THE CHEMICALS FOR THE MASKS! HE HAD MANY EXCELLENT FORMULAS! BUT, AH, HE WAS MUCH TOO GREEDY AND WANTED TOO BIG A SHARE OF THE MONEY!
TOO GREEDY FOR YOUR GREED, HUH? SO HE HAD TO GO!
AS THE CRIME RING IS LED BEHIND BARS . .
AND NOW I MUST BE ON MY WAY, CHIEF!
WAIT! I WANT TO THANK YOU-AT LEAST, LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK!
THE ONLY DRINK HE WANTS--IS IN THE OCEAN!
THE END

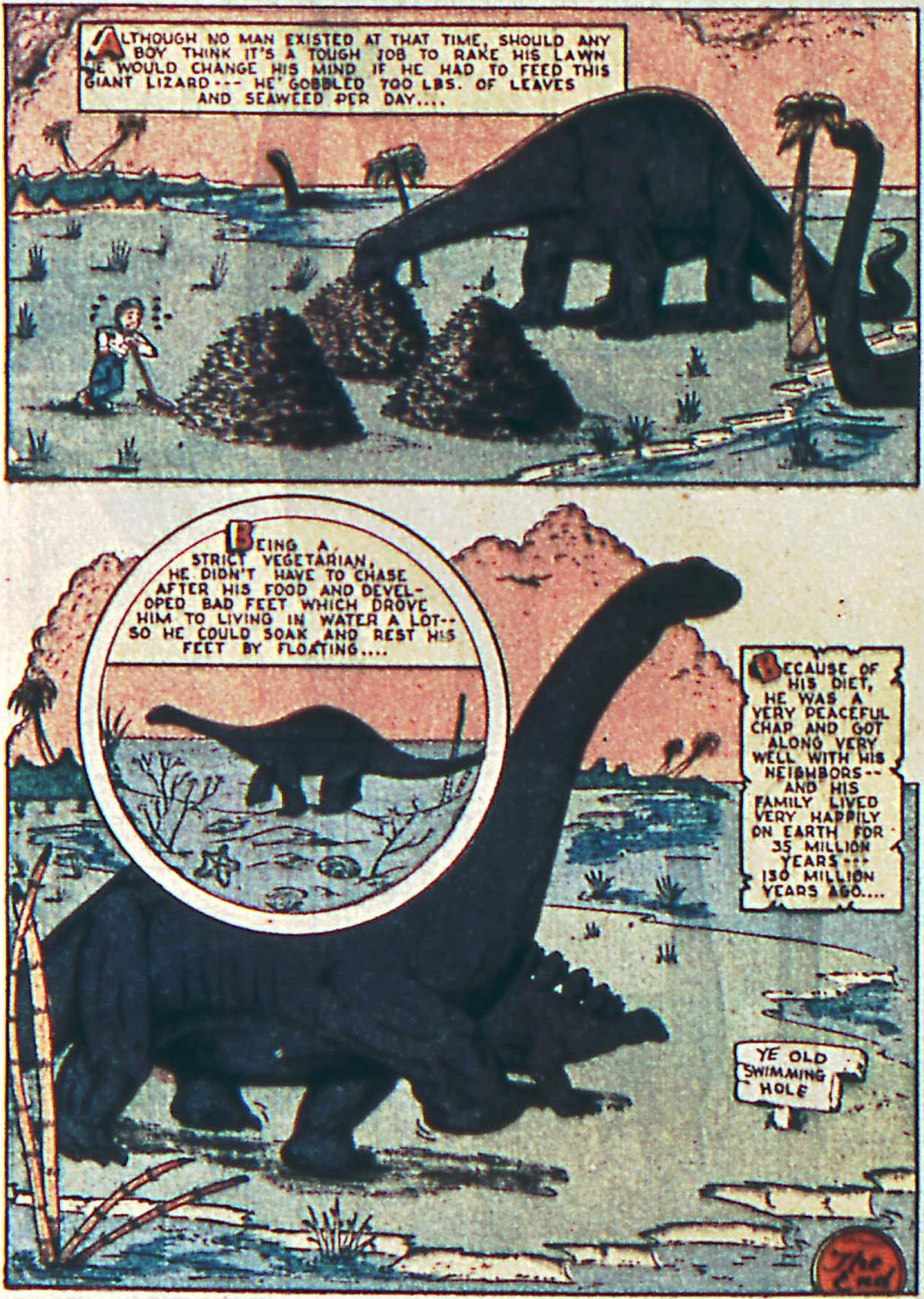

THEY LIVED
LONG LONG AGO:
BRONTOSAURUS
(MODERN AVERAGE MAN)

THE BIGGEST OF ALL THE DINOSAURS WAS 280 TIMES AS LONG AS HIS NAME (80 FEET)----

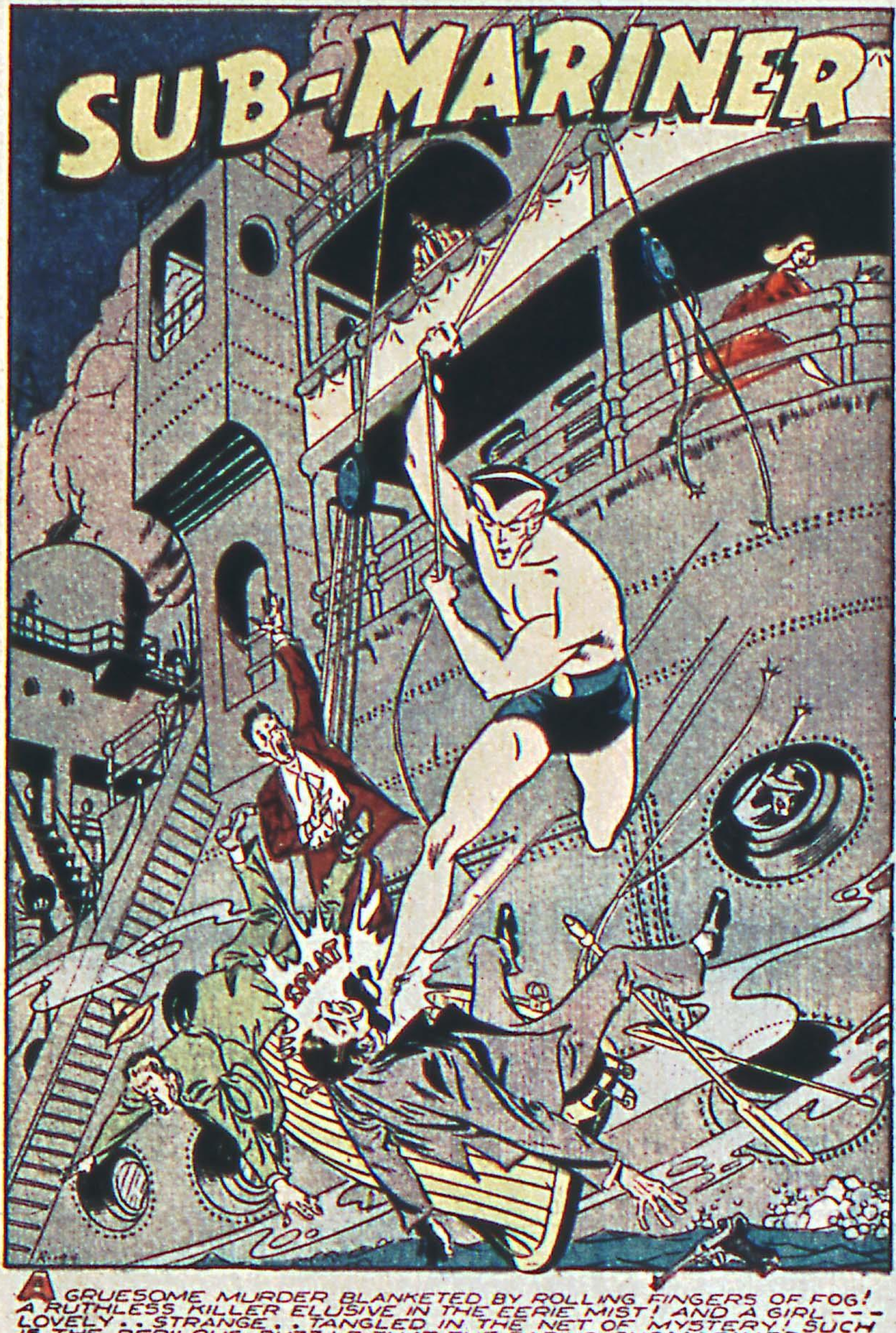

70,000
YEGAD! AND I THOUGHT I WAS HEAVY!
(PEA)

BRONTY TIPPED THE SCALES AT 70,000 POUNDS WHICH IS THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF FIVE LARGE, AFRICAN ELEPHANTS....

HOWEVER, IN SPITE OF HIS SIZE, HIS HUGE HEAD CARRIED A BRAIN THE SIZE OF A GREEN PEA WEIGHING 2½ OUNCES.


ALTHOUGH NO MAN EXISTED AT THAT TIME, SHOULD ANY BOY THINK IT'S A TOUGH JOB TO RAKE HIS LAWN HE WOULD CHANGE HIS MIND IF HE HAD TO FEED THIS GIANT LIZARD--- HE GOBBLED 700 LBS. OF LEAVES AND SEAWEED PER DAY....
BEING A STRICT VEGETARIAN, HE DIDN'T HAVE TO CHASE AFTER HIS FOOD AND DEVELOPED BAD FEET WHICH DROVE HIM TO LIVING IN WATER A LOT-- SO HE COULD SOAK AND REST HIS FEET BY FLOATING....
BECAUSE OF HIS DIET, HE WAS A VERY PEACEFUL CHAP AND GOT ALONG VERY WELL WITH HIS NEIGHBORS-- AND HIS FAMILY LIVED VERY HAPPILY ON EARTH FOR 35 MILLION YEARS--- 130 MILLION YEARS AGO....
YE OLD SWIMMING HOLE
The End

SUB-MARINER



A GRUESOME MURDER BLANKETED BY ROLLING FINGERS OF FOG! A RUTHLESS KILLER ELUSIVE IN THE EERIE MIST! AND A GIRL --- LOVELY.. STRANGE.. TANGLED IN THE NET OF MYSTERY! SUCH IS THE PERILOUS PUZZLE THAT THE DARING **SUBMARINER** TACKLES AGAINST DARK ODDS -- AS HE SETS OUT TO LIFT THE VEIL OF EVIL HANGING OVER

"THE GHOST SHIP"

IN A WHIRLING FOG OVER NEW YORK HARBOR . .
OOPS! SORRY---- I DIDN'T SEE YOU! WHY, MY FRIEND, SUBMARINER!
WELL! LARRY GARTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE?
I'M MEETING A SHIP; THE MARQUITA, COMING IN FROM SOUTH AMERICA! I'VE GOT A PASS TO MEET HER AT QUARANTINE! MY GIRL, LOIS WINSOR'S ABOARD!
---WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE POSIES!
LOIS HAS BEEN IN BRAZIL, AND SHE'S PROMISED TO MARRY ME ON HER RETURN---AND HERE COMES MY BEST MAN!
MEET ALLEN ROSNIM--A WEALTHY BLOKE, BUT A SWELL FRIEND!
THE PILOT-BOAT'S READY TO TAKE YOU OUT, LARRY! I'LL BE WAITING HERE... I CAN'T WAIT TO MARRY YOU OFF! MAYBE THAT'LL STOP YOUR MOONING!
THAT STOPS RIGHT AFTER THE HONEYMOON!
YOU BACHELOR BIRDS ARE CYNICS! WELL, I'M GOING ABOARD!
I'LL BE ON MY WAY, TOO! GOOD LUCK, LARRY!
THE FOG'S GETTING WORSE! THINK I'LL SWIM OUT TO THE MARQUITA! SHE MAY NEED SOME HELP COMING IN!

BEFORE THE PILOT-BOAT FINDS THE MARQUITA, THE FAST SWIMMING NAMOR IS ALREADY ON DECK . . . .
WE DROPPED ANCHOR! WE'LL STAY OUT HERE UNTIL THE FOG LIFTS!
THAT'S THE WISEST THING TO DO, CAPTAIN! HERE COMES THE PILOT-BOAT!
SUBMARINER! HOW ON EARTH----I MEAN---WATER, DID YOU . . . . ? YOU SWAM OUT, OF COURSE!
AND I'VE ALREADY LOOKED UP THE PASSENGER LIST! YOUR GIRL FRIEND'S CABIN IS 39 . . . DECK B!
A MOMENT LATER . . .
LARRY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME ABOARD! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU! I'M TIRED AND I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP! PLEASE GO!
BUT---BUT LOIS----DARLING!
SOMEONE'S COMING OUT OF 39 NOW! THAT HER?
YES, AND IN A BIG RUSH! THAT'S SOME NAP SHE'S TAKING! SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG!
AS THE TWO FOLLOW . . . .
WE'VE LOST HER! WHEW! I NEED A DRINK ON THAT! COME ON TO THE BAR!
NO THANKS! I'LL JUST WALK AROUND! SEE YOU LATER!

WONDER WHY THAT GIRL ACTED SO STRANGELY? MMM.. THERE'S A MAN IN TROUBLE! LOOKS LIKE HE'S SEASICK!
CREEPING CATFISH! MUSTN'T LOSE HIM!
HE'S DEAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN KNIFED JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO IN HIS CABIN AND WAS DYING WHEN HE STAGGERED OUT!
HE'S HUGH TYSON -- A WEALTHY MANUFACTURER, THEY SAY!
THAT'S RIGHT! I'M HIS NEPHEW, JOHN, AND I KNOW WHO KILLED HIM! GEORGE WARD, A BUSINESS RIVAL! HE HATED MY UNCLE!
YOU YOUNG PUPPY! ACCUSING ME'S ABSURD! I'VE BEEN PLAYING CARDS IN THE CLUB LOUNGE THE PAST TWO HOURS! YOU'RE HUGH TYSON'S ONLY HEIR! REASON ENOUGH FOR YOU TO MURDER HIM!

I DIDN'T KILL MY UNCLE! I'VE A SOUND ALIBI! FOR THE LAST HOUR, OR MORE, I WAS AT THE BAR!
I'LL CHECK ON BOTH YOUR ALIBIS!
I'LL RADIO THE HARBOR POLICE!
---AND I SEEN JOHN TYSON THE WHOLE HOUR,-- RIGHT HERE!
THANKS!
BOTH THEIR ALIBIS CHECK, YET THEIR STORIES SEEM ALMOST TOO PERFECT! I'LL SEARCH TYSON'S CABIN!
LOIS! SHE'S RUNNING OUT OF TYSON'S --- I NEVER CONNECTED HER WITH ---- SHE'LL HAVE TO MAKE WITH THE ANSWERS NOW!
BEG PARDON, SIR! I DIDN'T SEE YOU! THIS FOG ----
IT'S HIDING A LOT OF THINGS!
SHUCKS, NOW I'VE LOST LOIS AGAIN!
PRETTY DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH FIRE! WHAT'S IN THE ENVELOPE, MISS WINSOR?
OH! WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND OF LARRY'S, AND I'M INVESTIGATING TYSON'S MURDER! I SAW YOU RUNNING OUT OF HIS CABIN MOMENTS AGO! YOU FOUND AN ENVELOPE THERE, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT'S IN IT THAT YOU HAD TO DESTROY?
SOMETHING I WAS AFRAID WOULD INVOLVE ME!
THE ENVELOPE WAS SEALED, BUT I KNOW IT CONTAINED MY I.O.U. TO TYSON FOR $5000. I LOST SOME MONEY GAMBLING AND HE MADE ME A LOAN! I DIDN'T WANT LARRY TO KNOW! I WAS AFRAID THE POLICE WOULD FIND THE I.O.U. AND INVOLVE ME IN THE MURDER! I'M INNOCENT!
THERE'S MORE IN THAT LETTER THAN SHE DISCLOSED! I'LL TAKE ALL THESE PIECES AND HAVE THEM ANALYZED!
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH AN I.O.U.! TYSON WAS WRITING THIS TO THE POLICE!
if I am killed name
WINS
"WINS"! THAT MUST BE PART OF THE NAME--- WINSOR-LOIS! SHE IS IN DEEP!
MUST STOP HIM!
AH---THE NOTE!
SMACK!

NAMOR'S MIGHTY STRENGTH AIDS HIM IN SWIFT RECOVERY . . . .
HE GOT THE PAPERS! COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHO HE IS---BUT I HOPE TO OVERTAKE HIM FAST!
BUT--AFTER MANY MINUTES . . . .
OF ALL THE LUCK! HE'S VANISHED! I'M SURE ON THE LOSING END TO-DAY! WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO THE MARQUITA!
MEANWHILE--THE POLICE HAVE BOARDED THE LINER . . .
THE STEWARD REPORTED HE SAW MISS WINSOR LEAVE TYSON'S CABIN AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER!
I FOUND TYSON ALREADY STABBED! I BECAME FRIGHTENED AND RAN OUT!
WHY DID YOU GO IN THERE?
TO ASK HIM TO GIVE ME MORE TIME ON AN I.O.U.! I CAME BACK LATER AND GOT IT--BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM!
IT IS TRUE! TYSON'S MURDERER WAS A MAN! SO THAT LETS LOIS OUT! OUR MAIN HUNT NOW IS FOR MY ATTACKER!

LARRY CARTER, MISS WINSOR'S FIANCE, IS GONE! HE HAD COME ABOARD THE PILOT-BOAT!
THAT TIES UP! CARTER MUST'VE BEEN TRYING TO HELP HIS GIRL BY GETTING THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HER FROM SUBMARINER! I'M TAKING HER INTO CUSTODY! RADIO CARTER'S DESCRIPTION TO SHORE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS LARRY!
HE'S NOT A GOOD ENOUGH SWIMMER TO REACH SHORE! HIS ONLY CHANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN TO ESCAPE TO A HIDE OUT NEARBY! BUT WHERE? I'LL TRY ONCE AGAIN!
ANOTHER SEARCHING SWIM, AND ----
FOG'S LIFTING A BIT, BUT I'M STILL IN IT!
A MAN'S MURDERED--ANOTHER JUMPS SHIP---AND SAY----WHAT'S THIS? BLOOD STAINS! COMING FROM INSIDE THE LIFE-BOAT!
LARRY! LARRY!
OH-H!
THANKS FOR THE FIRST AID! I FEEL BETTER NOW! I SAW SOMEONE CLIMBING INTO THE LIFE-BOAT, WENT TO INVESTIGATE, AND WAS STRUCK DOWN!
BY THE KILLER! HE USED THIS AS HIS HIDEOUT!

HE'S SOMEONE NOT KNOWN ON BOARD AT ALL! TYSON NAMED THE KILLER! I FOUND A PART OF THE NAME -- WINS!
WINSOR? BUT IT WASN'T LOIS! I'M SURE OF THAT!
I COULD HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THAT PAPER UPSIDE DOWN! THAT IS IT! THE OTHER WAY ROUND WOULD READ -- SNIM! WASN'T YOUR BEST MAN'S NAME -----?
ALLEN ROSNIM! HE COULD HAVE SMUGGLED HIMSELF ABOARD THE PILOT-BOAT!
JUST WHAT HE DID! TELL THE CAPTAIN TO RADIO HIS DESCRIPTION TO SHORE! I'LL LOOK IN ALL THE LIFE-BOATS!
NEITHER OF YOU WILL TALK OR LOOK!
ALLEN!
THOSE GAS FUMES WILL SETTLE YOU! I'VE PLACED A TIME-BOMB ABOARD! IT GOES OFF IN MERE MINUTES! I'M GOING TO JUMP OVERBOARD TO SAFETY -- WHILE YOU BLOW UP TO ETERNITY!
IF I --- CAN --- JUST --- USE --- THIS --- BEFORE --
IN A SCANT SECOND ....
MADE IT! MY STRENGTH'S BACK! NOW TO CATCH ROSNIM! THE LIFE OF EVERYONE ABOARD IS AT STAKE!

WHAT'S THE RUSH? YOU'RE STAYING HERE, AND YOU'LL BLOW UP WITH US!
NO! NO! THE TIME BOMB! IT'S IN THE LIFE-BOAT DIRECTLY BELOW, HERE!
SMACK!
BOOM
I WAS BLACKMAILING TYSON ON AN EMBEZZLEMENT HE COMMITTED YEARS AGO! BUT TYSON BECAME ILL, ONLY HAD MONTHS TO LIVE NOW! HE WROTE ME THAT HE INTENDED TO CONFESS, AND HAVE ME ARRESTED! I HAD TO KILL HIM!
THE WEATHER'S CLEARED! EVERYTHING IS SO BRIGHT AND CLEAR NOW! THANKS TO YOU, SUBMARINER!
DO ME ANOTHER FAVOR, CHUM --- BE BEST MAN AT OUR WEDDING!
I'LL HAVE TO - SEEING THAT I GOT RID OF THE LAST ONE!
THE END

"AMBUSH"

THE flattened sound of the shot came before the bullet from the ambushed rifle knocked Flint from his saddle. He had been sitting his leggy bay on the ridge and was taking in the sapphire-blue thread of river and emerald-green carpet of grass that was Red Basin Valley, when he heard the flat report and felt the sickening smash of the lead that dumped him sprawling amidst the splintered rim-rock. Now, he lay there under cover of a giant boulder, nursing his shattered left shoulder and grimly searching for the tell-tale wisp of blue smoke that would give away the position of his bushwacker. But he searched in vain. No curling wisp of gun-smoke, no movement betrayed the morning calm.

He rolled over, cautiously raised his head for a better view. *Crack!* Lead spattered on the rock, whined off in ricochet. He sank back behind the boulder, leaned comfortably against it and smiled. This time his would-be assassin had given himself away. This time, the curling blue smoke from the hidden gun had marked the killer's location.

From a pocket of his checked shirt came a small bag of tobacco. Golden flakes spilled into a white fold of cigarette paper. Fingers, slender and browned from wind and sun, twisted, and it became a white cylinder between firm, thin lips. A match scraped and yellowish smoke puffed, and hung lazily in the still air. Flint chuckled and shifted his weight against the rock to ease his smashed shoulder. The sun was still high and he had lots of time to wait. The ambusher was concealed in a hollow on a small, exposed shelf of rock about a hundred yards to his right, and within easy rifle range. He wouldn't dare move until dark. Nor did Flint wish to make *his* move before then. He had plans for the ambusher, that were entirely consistent with his role as Special Marshal, and they were best put into effect after sundown, when lengthening shadows made queer, shifting patterns, that would partially conceal his careful advance on the gunman's lair.

While he waited, he thought back to the day George Benton, president of the Cattlemen's Association, had called him into the Denver office.

"Flint," Benton had said, "there's a report here from the X-BAR-T ranch in New Mexico. Seems like they're troubled with rustlers. Go down and clean 'em out."

That was all he said, but for Flint it was enough. He knew what to do. He gathered the complete story on the trouble from the Association files and left the same day. He read them on the train, enroute to Sage City, railhead for the ranch.

The X-BAR-T was one of the largest cattle outfits in the state, and it pastured over ten thousand head of prime beef on its great range. Up to two months or so before, it had suffered only minor raids on its herd by beef-hungry drifters and small, wildcat ranchers. Then suddenly its losses soared, with hardly a day gone by when it didn't lose fifty head or more. Precautions were taken, but to no avail. The rustlers seemed to know where and when to strike. Finally, unable to cope with the situation, the manager had appealed to the Cattlemen's Association. Flint was the result.

He had gotten off the train at Sage City unannounced. Just a nondescript cowhand looking for a job, and by prearrangement had met Jeb Taintor, the ranch foreman, and the only man in Sage City besides the manager, who knew his identity. There he had rented the bay, and having received directions to the ranch by Taintor, who had decided to stay in town to see about an expected carload of barbed wire, had left. Now, someone had nearly succeeded in killing him. Someone who *knew* his identity and wanted him out of the way. Someone who worked with the rustlers! Therefore, either Bradley the manager, or Taintor the foreman had talked, or . . .

Sunlight striking polished metal or glass winked on the shelf of rock harboring the bushwacker. Flint hitched himself around to the curve of his concealing boulder and shaded his eyes against the burning sun. He could just make out the bent elbows of the ambusher, propped on a ridge of stone in front of him and holding in his hands a pair of field glasses. Flint reached for his rifle and poking it around the curve of the boulder, sighted along its barrel.

His finger tightened on the trigger, then suddenly relaxed. Why should he kill the figure on the ledge, when he could take him alive? The field glasses gave the hidden killer a clear view of Flint's sheltering boulder. All right! He could make use of that . . .

He slid the rifle into sight on top of the boulder and waited. The other's rifle spat lead and the bullet pinged solidly against the rock. Flint grinned, and propped the rifle into place by weighting it down with three heavy rocks so that no chance hit would knock it off the boulder. Then he dropped flat and started to wriggle along the rim.

A narrow ledge ran along just below the edge of the rimrock, and taking advantage of it, Flint made his cautious way towards the exposed shelf where the killer lurked.

He made the hundred yards between them without incident, then started the climb up a steep cliff that would bring him above his quarry. Twice he stopped to listen, and to smile grimly at the spatting sound of the other's gun, as his quarry took pot-shots at Flint's planted rifle, propped on its deserted boulder. Finally he made the top of the cliff and stepping to its edge, looked down on the killer, whose body was flattened out on the shelf just below.

Flint sucked in his breath at the sight of him. His eyes hardened and a deadly smile tightened his lips. "Taintor!" he called softly.

Taintor whirled, cursed viciously as he recognized Flint, and raised the barrel of his gun.

Flint jumped . . . straight for the shoulders of the frenzied foreman and felt his spurs sink deeply into the flesh. Taintor screamed hoarsely and twisted to one side, reeling back towards the edge of the shelf. Through the pain of his shattered shoulder, Flint on his knees, heard Taintor scream again. A long, horrible scream of sheer terror! Then silence.

He walked slowly to the edge of the shelf and stared down at the battered, still body.

"Death for you, Taintor," he said softly, "that's ambusher's luck!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Sub-Mariner Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Sub-Mariner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Manvis Publications, Inc., 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., Editor, Jean Goodman, 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Manvis Publications, Inc., 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

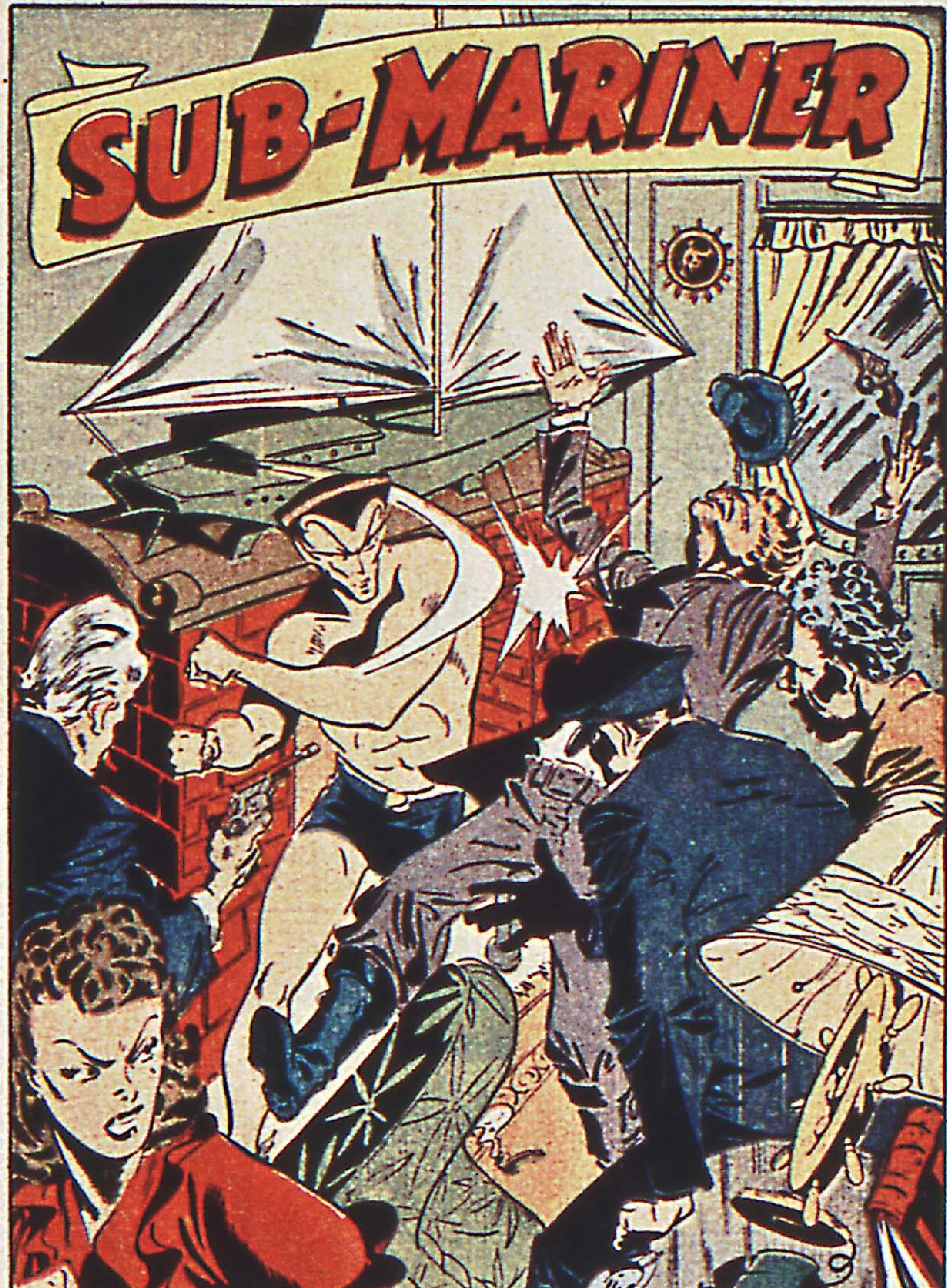
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

SUB-MARINER



A PATTERN OF DOOM DESIGNED BY FIVE MEN! A PATTERN TURNED CUNNINGLY ON THEMSELVES BY THE OVERPOWERING TAINT OF TEMPTATION! FRIENDS BECOME ENEMIES IN A TANGLE OF MURDER THAT CALLS UPON ALL THE RESOURCES THAT THE MIGHTY **SUBMARINER** CAN COMMAND — AS THE KEEN-WITTED, FEARLESS CRIME-FIGHTER PLUNGES INTO THE BIZZARE MYSTERY OF..

"The WATER FRONT PHANTOM"

ON THE WATERFRONT, SUB-MARINER MEETS A FRIEND..
HI, NAMOR! I'M LOOKING FOR A STORY! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPENING?
ALL'S QUIET, BETTY! LET'S WALK AROUND!
I HOPE SOMETHING BREAKS! I FEEL RESTLESS!
VERY SAD . . . SAY, LOOK AT THOSE TOY-BOATS! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES? SAILING THEM IS A SPORT FOR YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE!
THE SEA PRINCE IS ATTRACTED TO THE WATER PASTIME . . .
THAT'S A KEEN LOOKING BOAT!
GOSH! THANKS, SUBMARINER! I BUILT IT MYSELF!
NAMOR, ARE YOU STAYING HERE TO PLAY, OR --? OH, GOLLY, I CAN'T WAIT! I MUST LOOK FOR A STORY!
AS BETTY MOVES ON . . .
JERRY'S GOT THE BEST BOAT HERE, EXCEPT DAN DUNBAR'S! THAT'S HIM NOW!
HE USED TO BE A SAILOR! COMES HERE EVERY DAY! JUST WATCH HIM!
WEIGH ANCHOR, MY HEARTIES!
SUDDENLY..
OH!
GOSH! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH DAN! HE'S FALLING!
CREEPING CATFISH! THIS FELLOW'S DEAD! AT LEAST, I THINK HE IS! BETTER GET A DOCTOR!
JERRY'S GONE FOR ONE!

WHEN THE MEDICO ARRIVES . . .
HIS DEATH CAME FROM PURELY NATURAL CAUSES! HEART FAILURE!
THAT'S SO, DOC-- THE APPEARANCE OF THE CORPSE CERTAINLY INDICATES A NATURAL DEATH!
HAS HE ANY RELATIVES?
GOSH, DAN TOLD US HE DIDN'T HAVE ONE LIVING RELATIVE! HE BOARDED AT THE SEAMAN'S HOME ON THE WATERFRONT!
HERE'S SOMETHING . . . A NOTE!
PD
"IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, MY BODY IS TO BE SENT TO GREEN ACRES FUNERAL PARLOR! THEY HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR MY BURIAL." SIGNED-DAN DUNBAR!
I'LL NOTIFY GREEN ACRES! IT'S NEARBY!
SOON, ALL IS OVER ---AND THE CROWD DISPERSES . . .
STRANGE . . THAT NOTE SOUNDED AS IF HE EXPECTED TO DIE SOON! MMM, HIS BOAT'S COME ASHORE ---A LONELY SAIL WITHOUT A SKIPPER!
AS SUBMARINER STOOPS DOWN TO PICK UP THE BOAT . . .
MMM, FINE CONSTRUCTION JOB!
A SCANT SECOND AFTER . . .
SOCK!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .
THE BOAT'S GONE! IT WAS EITHER TAKEN FOR IT'S OWN VALUE, OR BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO SEE! BUT IN EITHER EVENT ---
--- DAN DUNBAR'S DEATH HAS WHETTED MY CURIOSITY . . . AND MY FIRST STEP'S A TRIP TO HIS BOARDING HOUSE!
IN AMAZING TIME . . .
I'M GOING FOR A SAIL! WON'T BE LONG! I'LL, MMM, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A VISITOR!
I'M SUBMARINER! WHO'S THE PROPRIETOR HERE?
MY HUSBAND, HERE . . JACK PRENTICE!
I'VE COME TO REPORT THE DEATH OF ONE OF YOUR BOARDERS, DAN DUNBAR!
TOO BAD! MARTHA, PLACE AN AD FOR A NEW BOARDER! EXCUSE ME, WHILE I TAKE OUT MY SLOOP!
JACK!
PLEASE DON'T MISJUDGE MY HUSBAND! HE'S A KIND MAN, AND I KNOW HE'S SORRY ABOUT POOR DAN! IT'S THEIR MINDS! THEY'VE ALL BEEN INFLUENCED BECAUSE OF --- OH, HERE COMES . . . I'LL TELL YOU LATER!
SUPPER READY YET?
SUBMARINER, THIS IS ONE OF OUR BOARDERS, LUKE ADAMS! LUKE, SUBMARINER'S JUST BROUGHT NEWS! DAN'S DEAD!
TSK, WHAT A PITY . . . HEY, TOM, YOU HEAR? DUNBAR'S DEAD!
YEH . . . WELL . . . WHAT I'M REALLY INT'R'STED IN, IS ----

WHERE'S MY NEW JACK-KNIFE? IT'S GONE FROM MY WORKSHOP!
I DIDN'T TOUCH IT, YOU WEASEL-EYE! ALWAYS ACCUSING ME! ONE O' THESE DAYS, I'LL FIX YOU, TOM LANGLEY!
NO FIGHTS! COME IN TO SUPPER! JOIN US, SUBMARINER!
TOM, RING FOR PETE! PETE'S ANOTHER BOARDER, SUBMARINER!
YEH.. HE'S SO BUSY WRITING THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AT SEA---HE STAYS IN HIS ROOM ALL DAY TALKIN' INTO A DICTAPHONE!
NONE OF US DARE TO GO NEAR HIM! ONLY SEE HIM AT MEALS!
WHY DON'T HE ANSWER? I STRUCK IT LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE **DEAD**!
SIX BELLS, AND I'VE A FEELING ALL'S NOT WELL!
BONG!
SHOT TO DEATH, GUN IN HAND! ALL THE EARMARKS OF SUICIDE! TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY INDICATES IT HAPPENED A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO! GUN HAS SILENCER... MMM, I WONDER WHAT HIS LAST WORDS ON THE DICTAPHONE ARE?
WRITING MY MEMOIRS MADE ME REALIZE ALL THE MORE MY LIFE'S OVER---I'M TIRED OF IT ALL! LORD FORGIVE ME FOR THIS, BUT I GOT TO CLOSE THE BOOK! PETE JONES.
PETE'S KILLED HIMSELF!
OH! IT'S THE PACT!
MY HUSBAND, TOM, LUKE, PETE, AND DAN TOOK OUT $3000. INSURANCE POLICIES ON EACH OTHER! THEY'RE ALL OLD FRIENDS!
TRUST A WOMAN TO GIVE A **SECRET** AWAY!

--SO THE MORE DEATHS, THE MORE MONEY GOES TO THE FIVE BENEFICIARIES.. AND IF-IF NONE OF THEM SURVIVE ----
---- THE MONEY GOES TO THE SEAMAN'S FUND! BUT WE WON'T ALL DIE! I AIN'T SUICIDIN! --OR DROPPIN' DEAD!
I'M AFRAID! THAT PACT MUST BE DOING SOMETHING TO DRIVE THEM TO --- OH! THAT SLOOP! MY HUSBAND'S IN IT!
IT'S HEADING TOWARD THE ROCKS!
IN A FLASH SECOND..
I'VE A HUNCH THOSE DEATHS WERE CUNNING MURDER, PERPETRATED BY ONE OF THE MEN TO COLLECT ALL THE MONEY! SURE HOPE I CAN STOP THAT SLOOP IN TIME!
BUT NAMOR'S LIGHTNING STROKES ARE NOT FAST ENOUGH . . .
CRASH
BOOM!
IN THE MASS OF THE DEBRIS, NAMOR LOCATES THE BADLY SEARED CORPSE . . .
POOR PRENTICE, COMPLETELY BLASTED! HIS LOSING CONTROL OF HIS BOAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! IF I CAN ONLY FIND A CLUE!
A PENETRATING SEARCH AND FINALLY . . .
MMM, A PIECE OF THE RUDDER --AND IT'S BEEN FILED INTO! IT MUST HAVE BROKEN AFTER BEING TAMPERED WITH! NO WONDER PRENTICE WAS UNABLE TO HOLD THE COURSE..BUT IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE EXPLOSION!

FURTHER INTENSE SCRUTINY, AND . . .
HERE'S THE ANSWER! A FRAGMENT OF A BOMB! THE CRASH UNDOUBTEDLY SET IT OFF! I WANTED PROOF OF MURDER AND NOW I'VE GOT IT! I'M GOING ASHORE!
SORRY, MRS. PRENTICE! I COULDN'T SAVE YOUR HUSBAND! BUT I'VE ACTUAL PROOF OF MURDER NOW! IT'S BETWEEN YOU TWO -- TOM AND LUKE . . .
LUKE DID IT! HE KILLED PETE, TOO! I SAW HIM RUNNING OUT OF THE BACK OF THE HOUSE A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO!
YOU RATTLED TONGUED -- I'LL --
HOLD ON THERE!
LOOK OUT! HE'S SHOOTING!
OH!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
TOM'S DEAD . . . THE BULLET PIERCED HIS HEART!
CAN'T BE! MY GUN WAS LOADED WITH BLANKS! I ONLY WANTED TO SCARE HIM!
THE POLICE TAKE OVER . . .
BLANKS, NOTHING! THIS GUN'S REAL BULLETS! YOU'RE COMING TO HEADQUARTERS!
HE'S ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR MY HUSBAND'S MURDER, AND . .
I TELL YOU I'M INNOCENT!
AN HOUR LATER . . . AT HOMICIDE . . .
STOP DODGING! I WANT A CONFESSION OF ALL THE MURDERS . . PRENTICE'S, PETE'S! YOU FORCED HIM AT GUNPOINT TO DICTATE HIS SUICIDE MESSAGE, DIDN'T YOU?
NO! IT'S ALL A LIE!
CAN I SPEAK TO YOU OUTSIDE, CHIEF?

I JUST REMEMBERED ABOUT THAT DICTAPHONE! I'M SURE, TOO, THAT PETE WAS MURDERED, AND SINCE THE MACHINE WAS ON AT THE TIME OF THE KILLING, IT MUST'VE RECORDED ALL SOUNDS! THAT MEANS . . . THE DICTAPHONE RECORDED THE **MURDERER'S FOOTSTEPS**.. OF COURSE, THEY WEREN'T DETECTED BECAUSE WE PLAYED THE RECORD AT AVERAGE SPEED! BUT IF IT'S PLAYED AT HIGH SPEED FREQUENCY, WE'LL GET THE VIBRATIONS OF THOSE FOOTSTEPS, THEN..
. . . MAKE A RECORD OF LUKE'S FOOTSTEPS AND COMPARE THEM WITH THOSE ON PETE'S DICTAPHONE RECORD!
BY GEORGE! THEY'RE BOUND TO BE IDENTICAL, AND THAT WILL CLINCH THE CONFESSION! I'LL GET BUSY AT ONCE!
EQUIPMENT IS SPEEDILY PREPARED . . .
I'LL START THE RECORD A LITTLE BEFORE PETE'S DEATH! HIGH-SPEED 200.. READY!
THIS DICTOGRAPH WILL KEY THE VIBRATIONS!
A WHIRR OF SOUNDS --- FASTER, FASTER -- THEN DISTINCTLY COMES THE SOLID TAP OF FOOTSTEPS..
WE GOT THEM!
PUT ON A FRESH RECORD! I'LL BRING IN LUKE!
WHIRRR
SOON!
NOW, WHY'VE YOU CALLED ME? I'VE NOTHING TO CONFESS!
MAYBE YOU HAVE NOW! OKAY! OUT! TAKE CARE O'HIM, MIKE!
SURE, CHIEF! AND MRS. PRENTICE WANTS TO SEE YOU...
WHIIIRR

A MINUTE LATER.
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED ME FOR QUESTIONING! I'M SO ANXIOUS FOR MY HUSBAND'S DEATH TO BE AVENGED! HAS LUKE CONFESSED?
JUST ABOUT! NO NEED TO STAY AROUND, MRS. PRENTICE --- THE CASE IS SEWED UP!
BUT. . SOON AFTER, WHEN LUKE'S VIBRATIONS ON THE POLICE RECORD ARE PLAYED BACK . .
GREAT SCOTT! THESE DON'T CHECK!
STRANGE! I PLAYED THEM ON THE SAME FREQUENCY! I'LL TRY AGAIN . . .
MURDERER'S FOOTSTEPS
LUKE ADAM'S FOOTSTEPS
THE SAME PERPLEXING RESULT . . .
SOMEONE ELSE MUST'VE KILLED PETE! THE ONLY ONE LEFT IS TOM! THEN WHY SHOULD LUKE'VE SHOT HIM?
TOM COULD HAVE EXCHANGED LUKE'S BLANKS FOR BULLETS--INTENDING THEM FOR SOMEONE ELSE! I'LL HAVE TO QUESTION TOM!
CHIEF!
THE HOSPITAL JUST CALLED! TOM LANGLEY DIED!
THEN, WE'LL NEVER KNOW! ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS, SUBMARINER?
HE'S STILL FOOLING AROUND WITH THE DICTAPHONE! LET'S GO, CHIEF!
NAMOR RUNS THE POLICE RECORD ONCE MORE . . THEN SUDDENLY ---
IT'S THE KILLER'S FOOTSTEPS! NO WONDER WE DIDN'T HEAR THEM! WE KEPT TURNING OFF THE RECORD BEFORE IT ENDED . . . AND THESE FOOTSTEPS ARE RECORDED **AFTER** LUKE LEFT! WHO CAME IN **AFTER** LUKE? CREEPING CATFISH! **MRS. PRENTICE!**
SWIFT MOMENTS LATER - THE POWERHOUSE PRINCE PLUNGES INTO THE SEA . . .
THE SHORTEST DISTANCE FOR ME BETWEEN TWO STRAIGHT POINTS IS --- WATER . . . ON TO MRS. PRENTICE'S!

IN LIGHTNING SECONDS, NAMOR NEARS THE HOUSE OF DEATH
SHE'S BOARDING A BOAT. . . NOW WHAT IS SHE UP TO ?
NAMOR FOLLOWS CLOSELY AND IN A SHORT TIME . . .
WELL, THE BOAT'S PUT ASHORE AND THERE SHE GOES! I OUGHT TO KNOW SOON ENOUGH NOW!
MARTHA! GLAD YOU'VE COME! ANY NEWS?
WONDERFUL NEWS! TOM DIED! LUKE WILL BE INDICTED FOR MURDER AND CONVICTED! THAT FINISHES THEM ALL! YOUR PLAN WAS SO CLEVER, JACK!
SURE, I COME BACK AND CLAIM ALL THE INSURANCE! I GOT A GOOD STORY! I WAS THROWN FROM THE SLOOP WHEN IT CRASHED---AND LANDED IN THE FOLIAGE, UNHARMED. . BUT WITH MY MEMORY GONE! WHO CAN DISPROVE THAT?
I CAN!
SUBMARINER!
SO YOU'RE ALIVE, PRENTICE? YOU WEREN'T ON THAT SLOOP AT ALL THEN?
NO! I SET IT FOR THE UH—ACCIDENT---AND LET IT OUT TO ANOTHER MAN!
BUT, FISH-MAN, YOU WON'T GIVE US AWAY!
LET GO OF HIM--OR I'LL DROP THIS **BOMB**! WE'LL ALL DIE TOGETHER! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
HAVE I MUCH CHOICE?
THAT'S BETTER!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, FISH-MAN! I WARN YOU - ONE MOVE, AND . . . .
SHE'S HOLDING THAT BOMB PRETTY CARELESSLY NOW! MMM, I WONDER . . .
WITH SUDDEN DECISION NAMOR ACTS . . .
OH!
SO IT WAS A FAKE! HOLLOW INSIDE! YOU HAD ME GOING FOR AWHILE -- WHILE YOUR HUSBAND GOT GOING! NOW I'M GOING -- AFTER HIM!
A SPRINT OUTSIDE . . .
NO SIGN OF PRENTICE! JUMPING JELLYFISH! THERE'S THE TOY-BOAT - THE ONE DAN DUNBAR HAD! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO INSPECT IT!
THE SEA PRINCE MOVES TOWARD IT . . THEN SUDDENLY SEES A RIPPLING REFLECTION . .
PRENTICE! HE'S IN BACK OF ME, WATCHING! BUT HE WON'T BE THERE LONG -- BECAUSE . .
I'M CHANGING YOUR POSITION!
THE KILLER HITS THE WATER -- AND IN A MOMENT OF FRANTIC FLOUNDERING . . .
HELP!
HANG ON! I'LL GET YOU!
BUT -- THE NEXT MOMENT . .

...PRENTICE, WITH A WILD SHRIEK, LOOSENS HIS GRASP, AND WHEN THE SEA PRINCE SCOOPS HIM UP ...
HE'S DEAD ... JUST LIKE DAN DUNBAR! THEY BOTH DIED AS SOON AS THEY TOUCHED THAT BOAT! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THAT TOY, SOMETHING THAT HAS ITS EFFECT ON WATER! I'D BETTER NOT PICK IT UP HERE!
WITH QUICK-WITTED LOGIC ...
THERE --- THIS ROPE AND FISH-HOOK I FOUND ON THE SPEED-BOAT MAKES A GOOD TOW-WARP! I'LL PULL HER IN AND -----
SO THAT'S IT! THIS BOAT'S BEEN ELECTRICALLY WIRED! WATER'S A CONDUCTOR ... ONE TOUCH OF THE WIRE AND THEY WERE ELECTROCUTED. WITH NO TELL-TALE TRACES! PRENTICE MUST HAVE SET THE BOAT OUT, HOPING I'D PICK IT UP -- BUT HIS DEATH-TRAP BOOMERANGED! WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW TO COLLECT MRS. PRENTICE!
LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS
MRS. PRENTICE EVEN CONFESSED TO PUTTING THE BULLETS IN YOUR GUN, LUKE! YOU'RE A FREE MAN--AND RICH! ALL THE INSURANCE IS YOURS!
BUT--BUT WHAT DO I REALLY WANT WITH ALL THAT MONEY? ME -- A MAN OF SIMPLE TASTE! I'LL GIVE MOST OF IT TO THE SEAMAN'S FUND!
GOOD FOR YOU!
I SURE OWE YOU MY LIFE, SUBMARINER!
IT SURE WAS A TOUGH CASE--OH! THERE'S BETTY!
HI, WATER BOY! STILL PLAYING WITH TOYS? AM I GLAD I DIDN'T WAIT! I HIT INTO A STORY, HELPED CAPTURE A NOTORIOUS PICK-POCKET!
YOU DON'T SAY! I HIT INTO A LITTLE SOMETHING, TOO! **FOUR** MURDERS.. HEY--DON'T FAINT!
FOUR! I WOULD MISS A BIG ---- OH, GOSH! OH, GOLLY! OH-H-H!
THE END

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You

A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—scuffs and belts, trays and vases, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of gala mixin's with fun-derful games and party fixin's . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "nifty notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to list all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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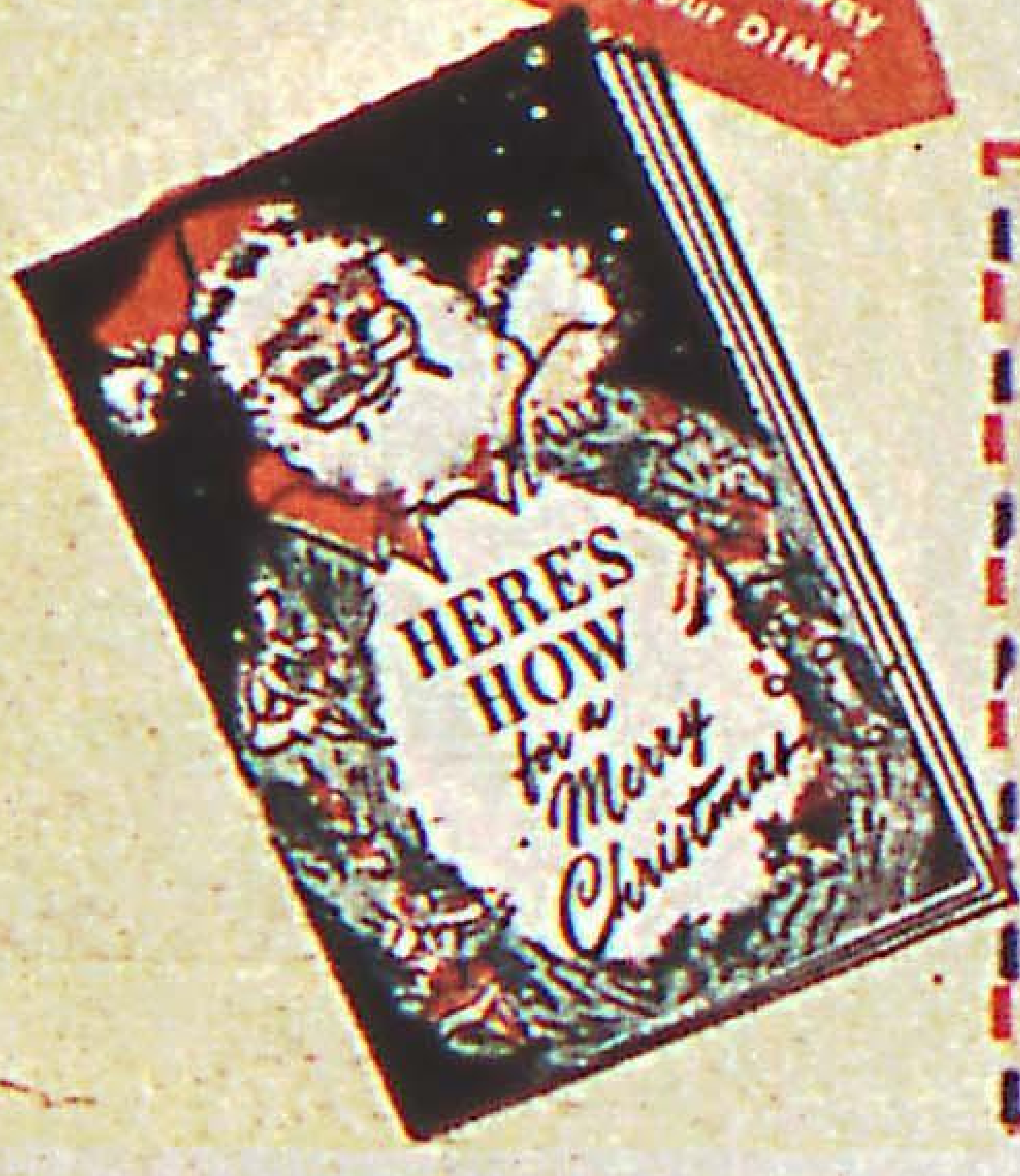
HERE'S HOW for a Merry Christmas

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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE

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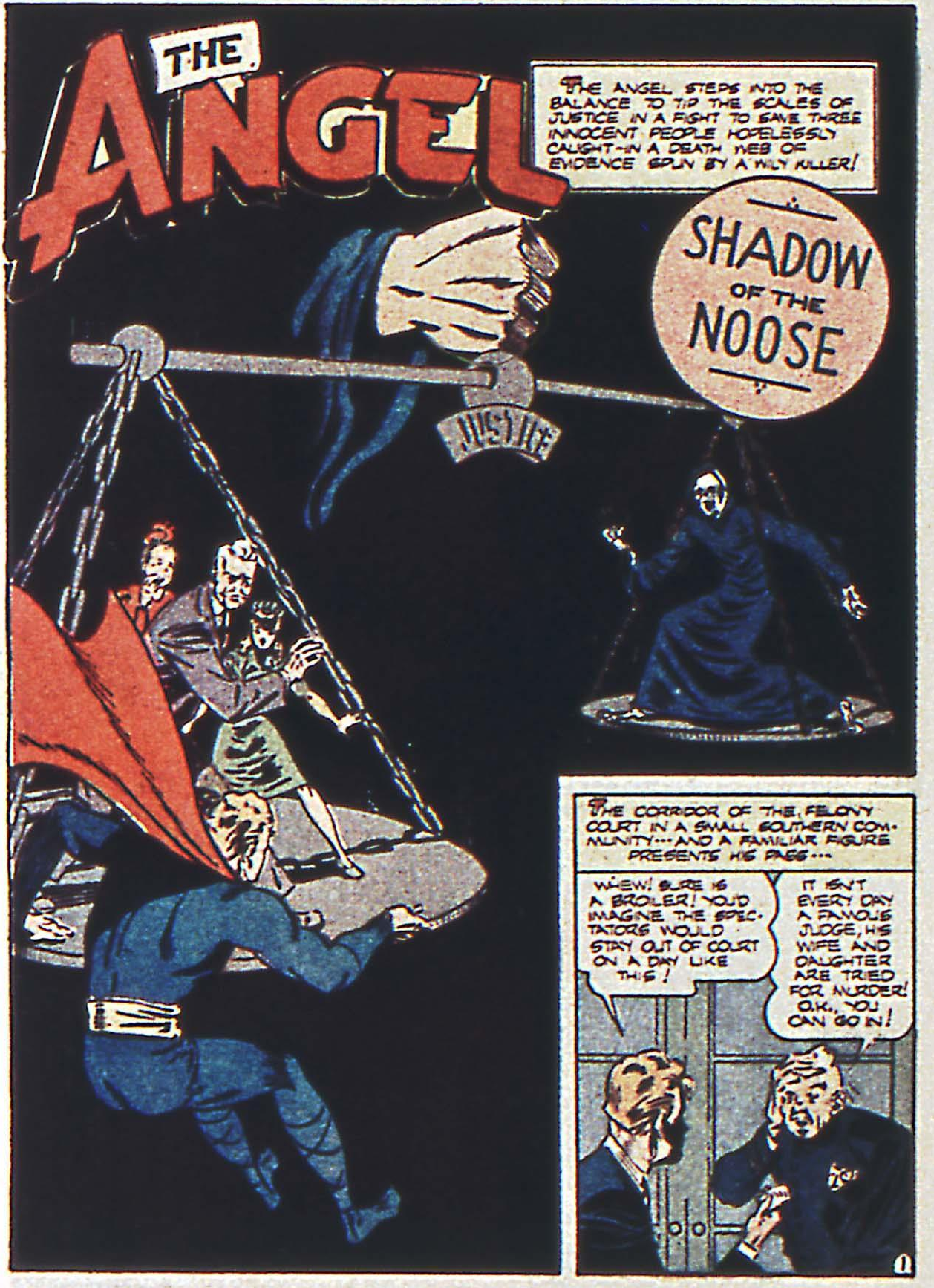
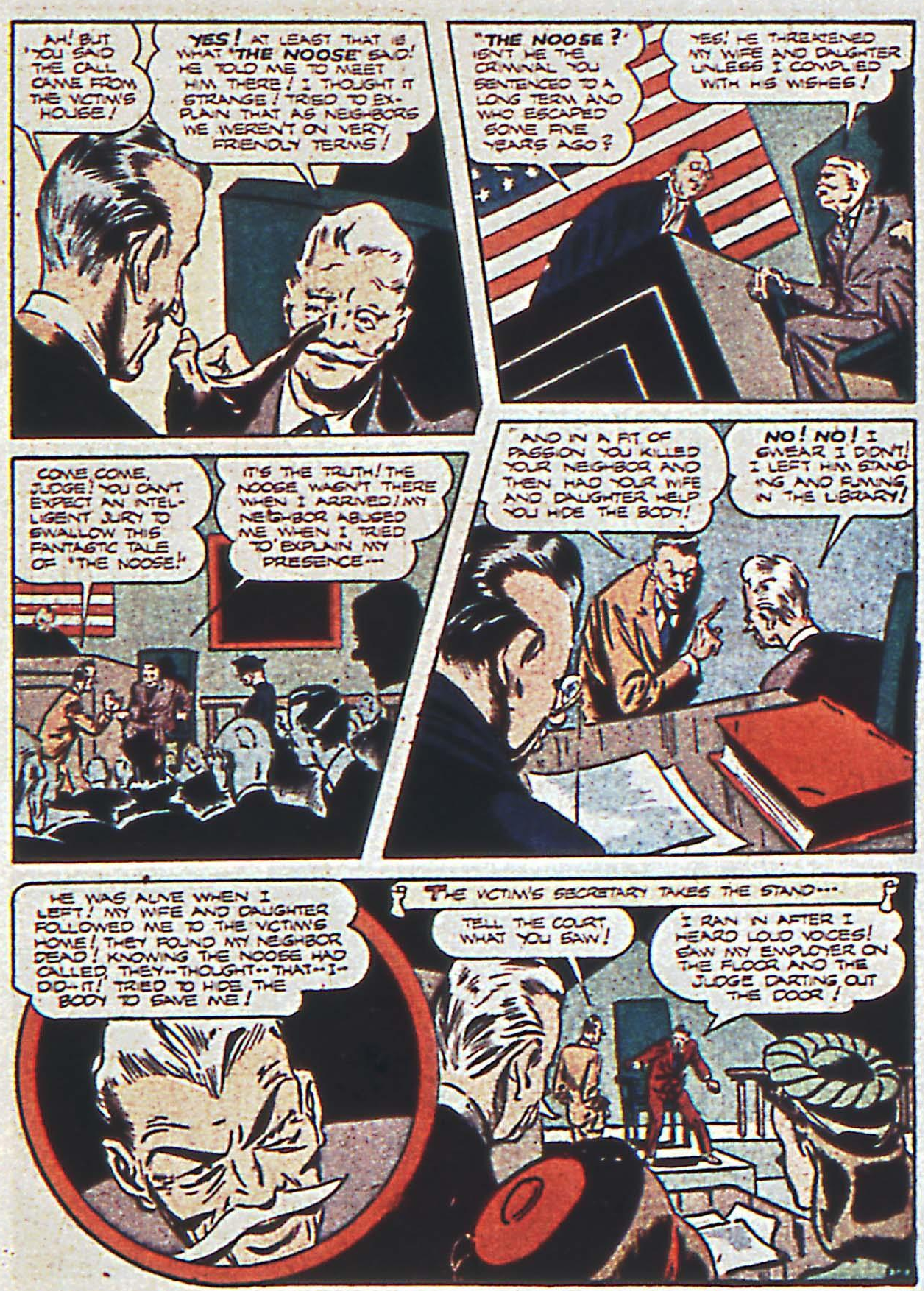
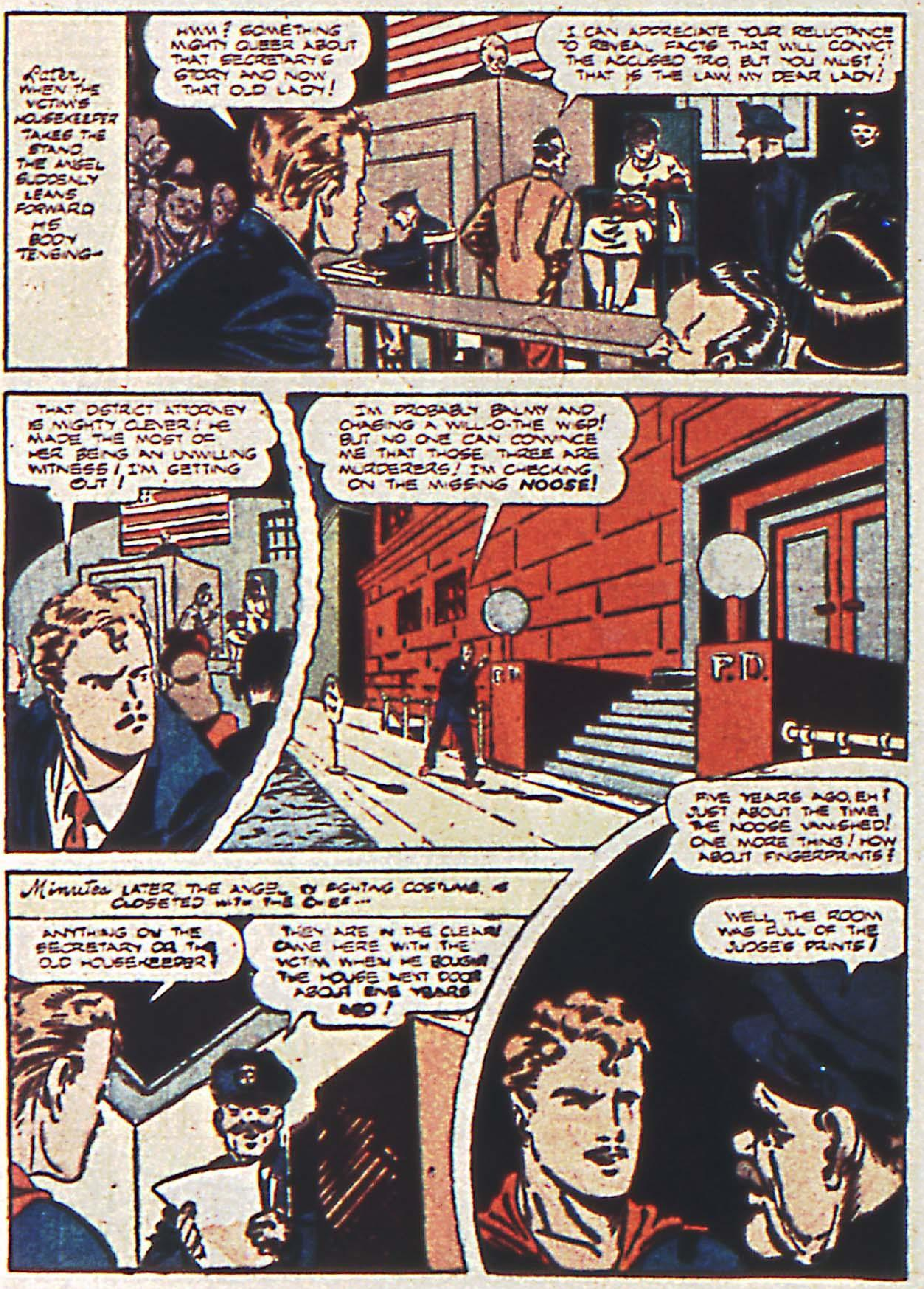
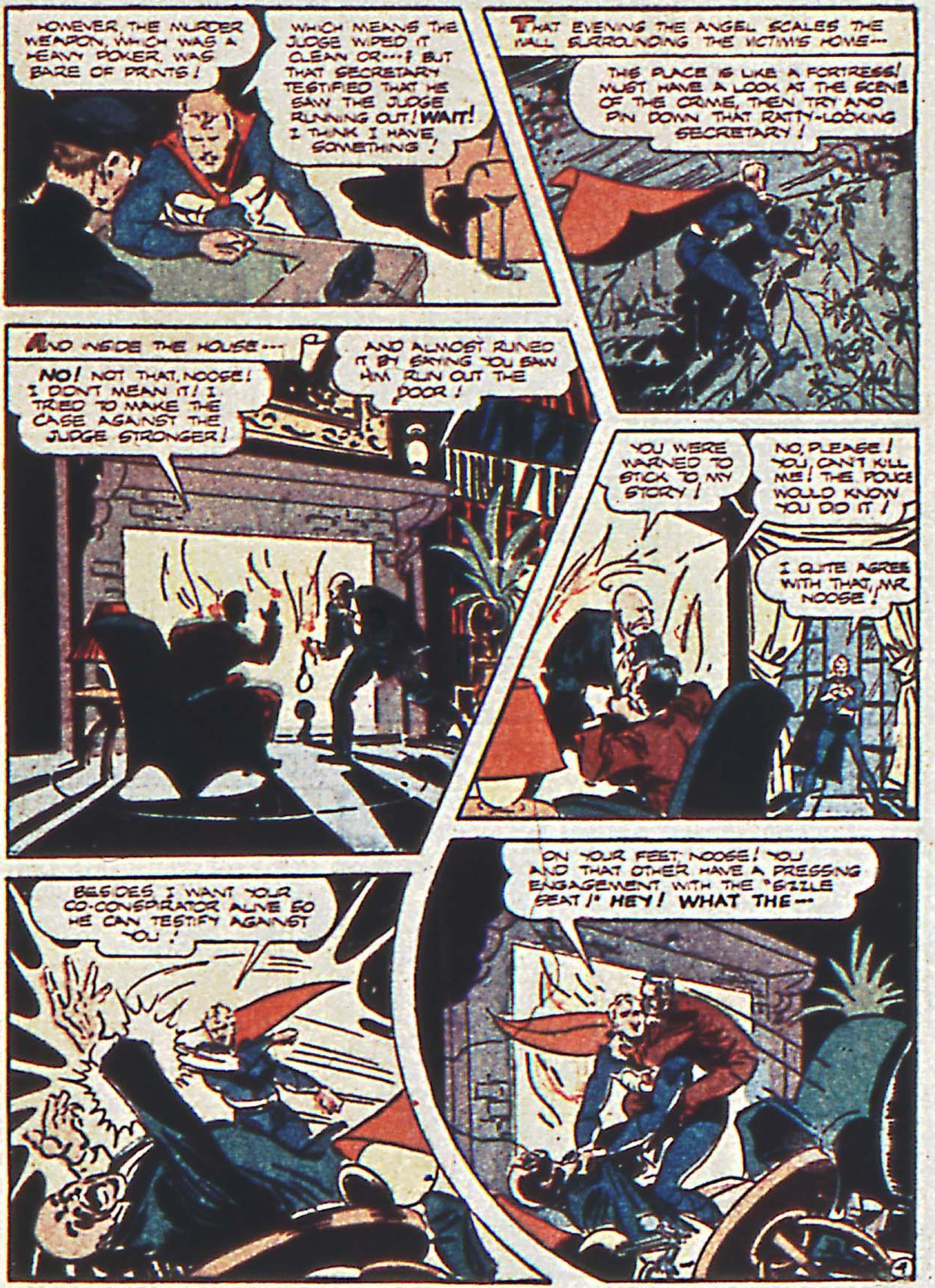
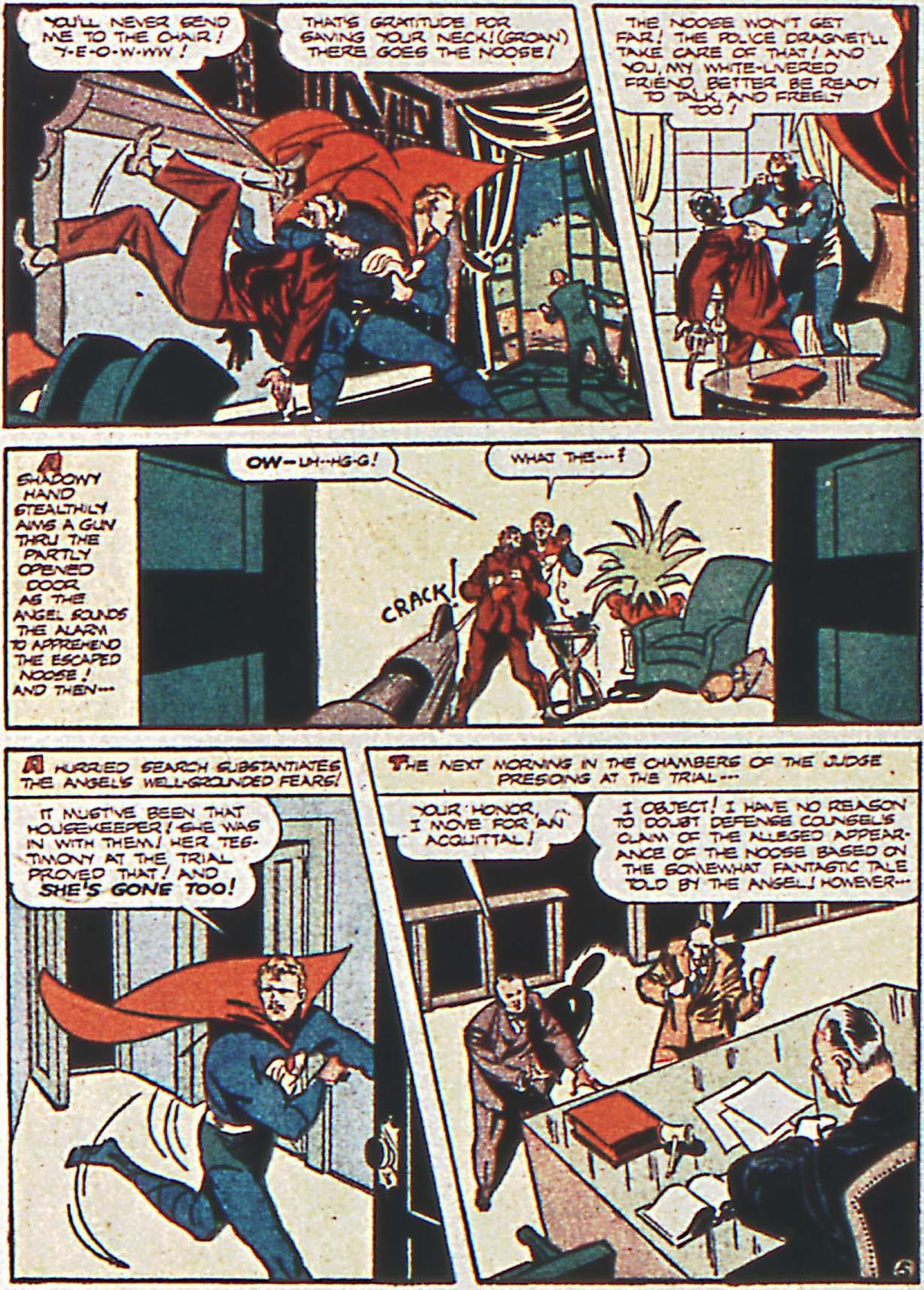
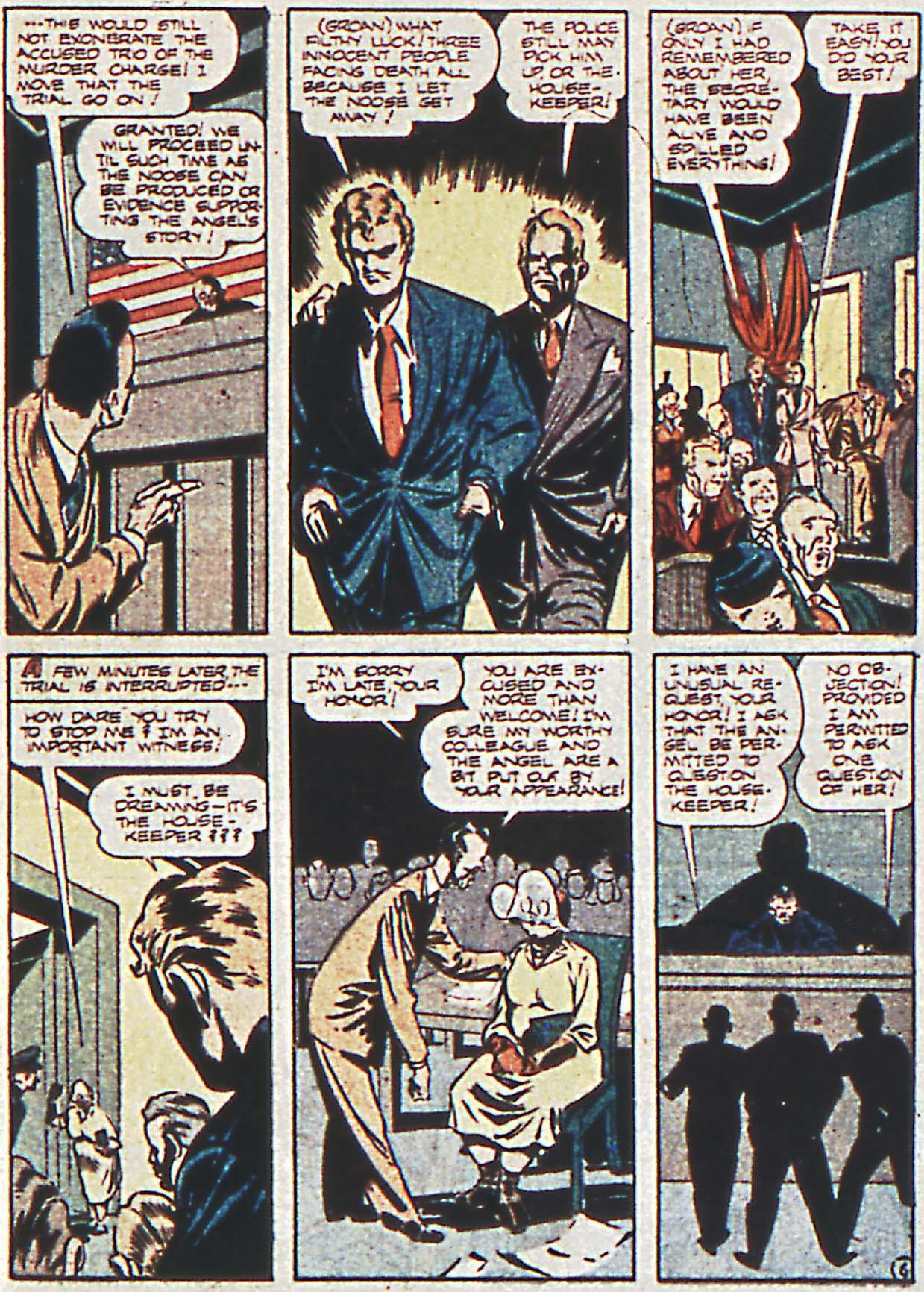

THE ANGEL
THE ANGEL STEPS INTO THE BALANCE TO TIP THE SCALES OF JUSTICE IN A FIGHT TO SAVE THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE HOPELESSLY CAUGHT--IN A DEATH WEB OF EVIDENCE SPUN BY A WILY KILLER!
SHADOW OF THE NOOSE
JUSTICE
THE CORRIDOR OF THE FELONY COURT IN A SMALL SOUTHERN COMMUNITY--- AND A FAMILIAR FIGURE PRESENTS HIS PASS---
WHEW! SURE IS A BROILER! YOU'D IMAGINE THE SPECTATORS WOULD STAY OUT OF COURT ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
IT ISN'T EVERY DAY A FAMOUS JUDGE, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER ARE TRIED FOR MURDER! O.K., YOU CAN GO IN!
1

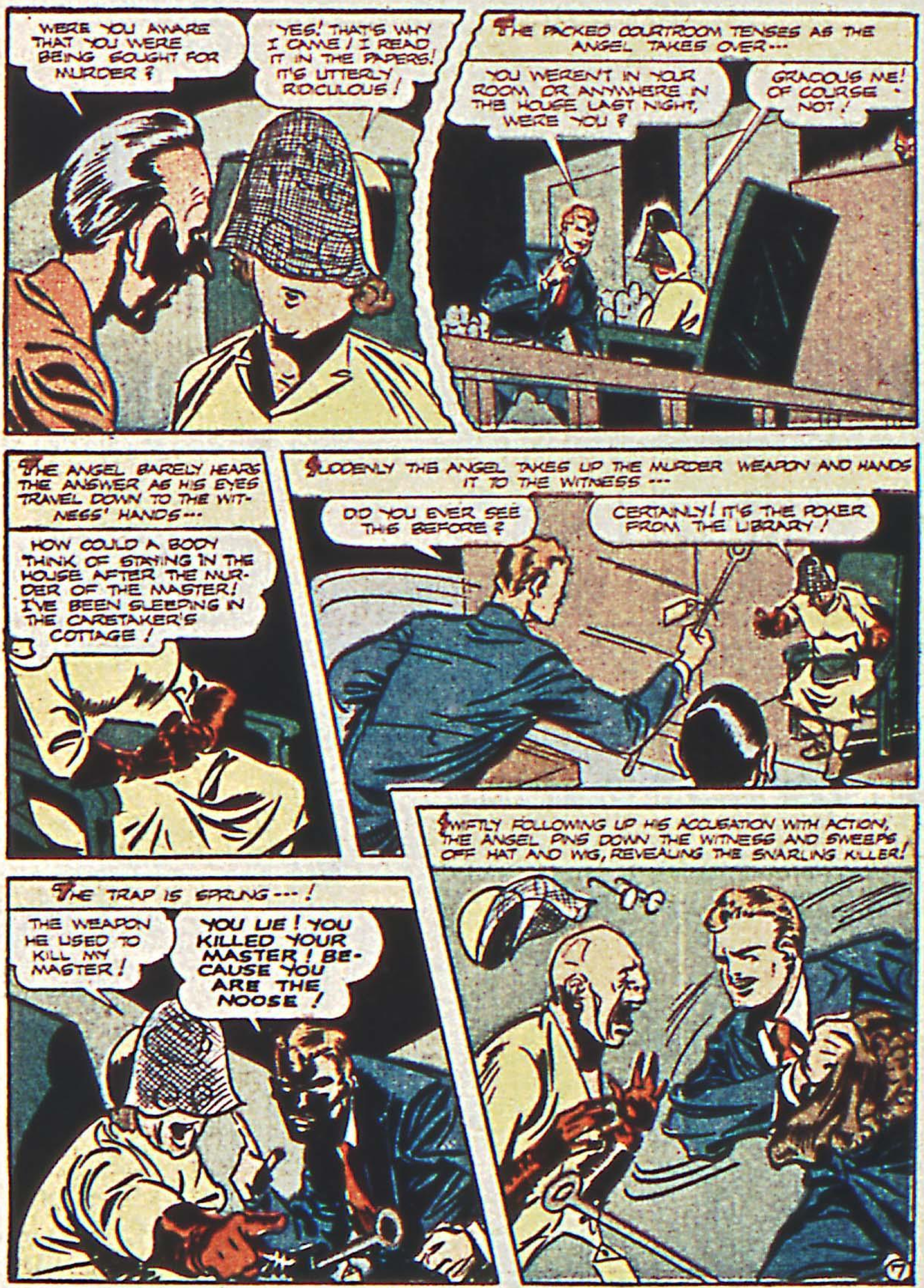

AH! BUT YOU SAID THE CALL CAME FROM THE VICTIM'S HOUSE!
YES! AT LEAST THAT IS WHAT "THE NOOSE" SAID! HE TOLD ME TO MEET HIM THERE! I THOUGHT IT STRANGE! TRIED TO EXPLAIN THAT AS NEIGHBORS WE WEREN'T ON VERY FRIENDLY TERMS!
"THE NOOSE?" ISN'T HE THE CRIMINAL YOU SENTENCED TO A LONG TERM AND WHO ESCAPED SOME FIVE YEARS AGO?
YES! HE THREATENED MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER UNLESS I COMPLIED WITH HIS WISHES!
COME, COME, JUDGE! YOU CAN'T EXPECT AN INTELLIGENT JURY TO SWALLOW THIS FANTASTIC TALE OF "THE NOOSE!"
IT'S THE TRUTH! THE NOOSE WASN'T THERE WHEN I ARRIVED! MY NEIGHBOR ABUSED ME WHEN I TRIED TO EXPLAIN MY PRESENCE---
"AND IN A FIT OF PASSION YOU KILLED YOUR NEIGHBOR AND THEN HAD YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTER HELP YOU HIDE THE BODY!
NO! NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T! I LEFT HIM STANDING AND FUMING IN THE LIBRARY!
HE WAS ALIVE WHEN I LEFT! MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER FOLLOWED ME TO THE VICTIM'S HOME! THEY FOUND MY NEIGHBOR DEAD! KNOWING THE NOOSE HAD CALLED, THEY--THOUGHT--THAT--I--DID--IT! TRIED TO HIDE THE BODY TO SAVE ME!
THE VICTIM'S SECRETARY TAKES THE STAND---
TELL THE COURT WHAT YOU SAW!
I RAN IN AFTER I HEARD LOUD VOICES! SAW MY EMPLOYER ON THE FLOOR AND THE JUDGE DARTING OUT THE DOOR!

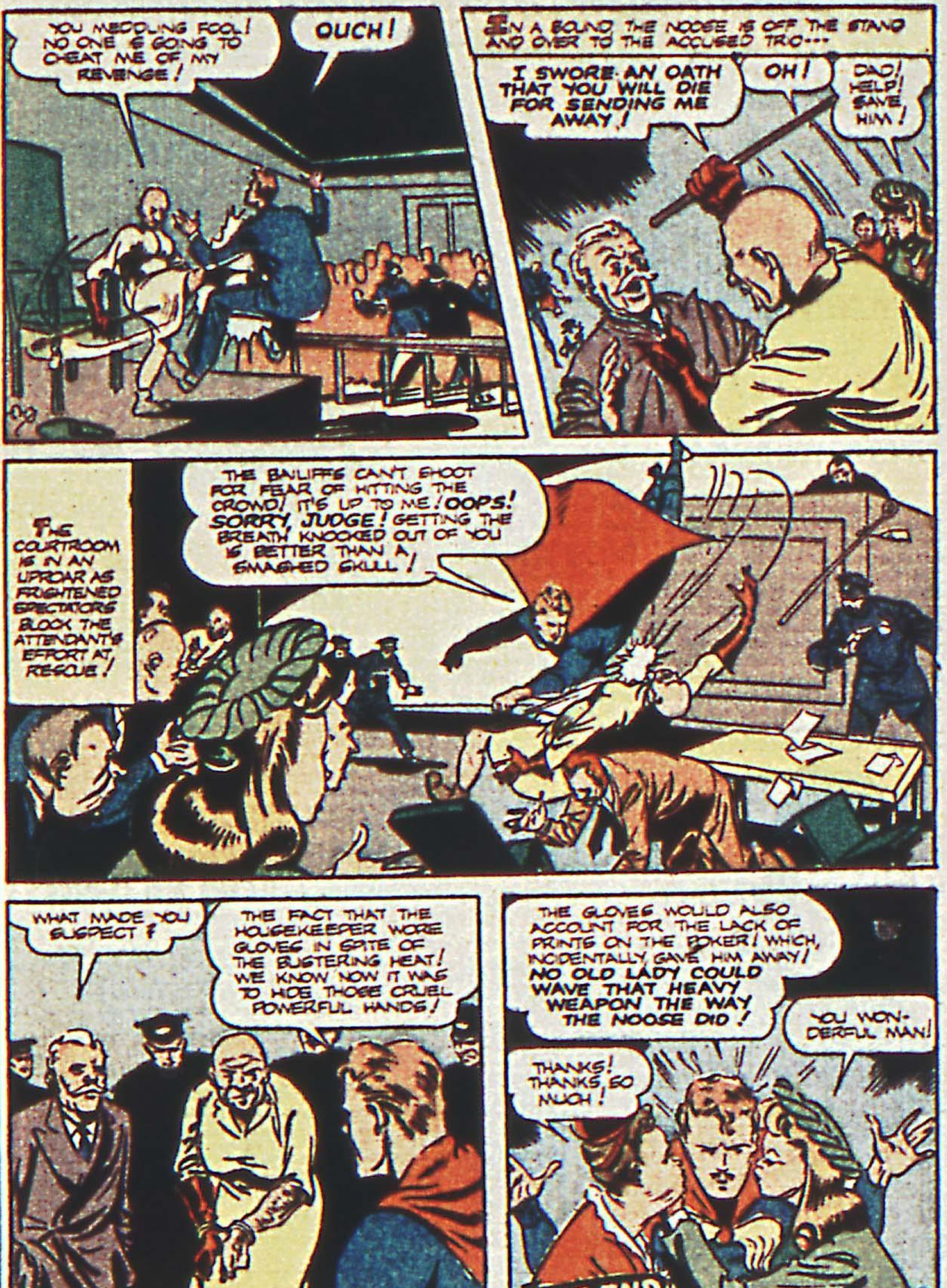

Later, when the victim's housekeeper takes the stand, the Angel suddenly leans forward, his body tensing—
HMM? SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THAT SECRETARY'S STORY AND NOW THAT OLD LADY!
I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR RELUCTANCE TO REVEAL FACTS THAT WILL CONVICT THE ACCUSED TRIO, BUT YOU MUST! THAT IS THE LAW, MY DEAR LADY!
THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS MIGHTY CLEVER! HE MADE THE MOST OF HER BEING AN UNWILLING WITNESS! I'M GETTING OUT!
I'M PROBABLY BALMY AND CHASING A WILL-O-THE WISP! BUT NO ONE CAN CONVINCE ME THAT THOSE THREE ARE MURDERERS! I'M CHECKING ON THE MISSING NOOSE!
P.D.
Minutes later the Angel, in fighting costume, is closeted with the Chief...
ANYTHING ON THE SECRETARY OR THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER?
THEY ARE IN THE CLEAR! CAME HERE WITH THE VICTIM WHEN HE BOUGHT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO!
FIVE YEARS AGO, EH! JUST ABOUT THE TIME THE NOOSE VANISHED! ONE MORE THING! HOW ABOUT FINGERPRINTS?
WELL THE ROOM WAS FULL OF THE JUDGE'S PRINTS!


HOWEVER, THE MURDER WEAPON, WHICH WAS A HEAVY POKER, WAS BARE OF PRINTS!
WHICH MEANS THE JUDGE WIPED IT CLEAN OR---! BUT THAT SECRETARY TESTIFIED THAT HE SAW THE JUDGE RUNNING OUT! WAIT! I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING!
THAT EVENING THE ANGEL SCALES THE WALL SURROUNDING THE VICTIM'S HOME---
THE PLACE IS LIKE A FORTRESS! MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THEN TRY AND PIN DOWN THAT RATTY-LOOKING SECRETARY!
AND INSIDE THE HOUSE---
NO! NOT THAT, NOOSE! I DON'T MEAN IT! I TRIED TO MAKE THE CASE AGAINST THE JUDGE STRONGER!
AND ALMOST RUINED IT BY SAYING YOU SAW HIM RUN OUT THE DOOR!
YOU WERE WARNED TO STICK TO MY STORY!
NO, PLEASE! YOU CAN'T KILL ME! THE POLICE WOULD KNOW YOU DID IT!
I QUITE AGREE WITH THAT, MR. NOOSE!
BESIDES I WANT YOUR CO-CONSPIRATOR ALIVE SO HE CAN TESTIFY AGAINST YOU!
ON YOUR FEET, NOOSE! YOU AND THAT OTHER HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT WITH THE *SIZZLE SEAT!* HEY! WHAT THE---


YOU'LL NEVER SEND ME TO THE CHAIR! Y-E-O-W-WW!
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR SAVING YOUR NECK! (GROAN) THERE GOES THE NOOSE!
THE NOOSE WON'T GET FAR! THE POLICE DRAGNET'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! AND YOU, MY WHITE-LIVERED FRIEND, BETTER BE READY TO TALK, AND FREELY TOO!
A SHADOWY HAND STEALTHILY AIMS A GUN THRU THE PARTLY OPENED DOOR AS THE ANGEL SOUNDS THE ALARM TO APPREHEND THE ESCAPED NOOSE! AND THEN---
OW--UH--HG-G!
WHAT THE---?
CRACK!
A HURRIED SEARCH SUBSTANTIATES THE ANGEL'S WELL-GROUNDED FEARS!
IT MUST'VE BEEN THAT HOUSEKEEPER! SHE WAS IN WITH THEM! HER TESTIMONY AT THE TRIAL PROVED THAT! AND SHE'S GONE TOO!
THE NEXT MORNING IN THE CHAMBERS OF THE JUDGE PRESIDING AT THE TRIAL---
YOUR HONOR, ... I MOVE FOR AN ACQUITTAL!
I OBJECT! I HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT DEFENSE COUNSEL'S CLAIM OF THE ALLEGED APPEARANCE OF THE NOOSE BASED ON THE SOMEWHAT FANTASTIC TALE TOLD BY THE ANGEL! HOWEVER---


---THIS WOULD STILL NOT EXONERATE THE ACCUSED TRIO OF THE MURDER CHARGE! I MOVE THAT THE TRIAL GO ON!
GRANTED! WE WILL PROCEED UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE NOOSE CAN BE PRODUCED OR EVIDENCE SUPPORTING THE ANGEL'S STORY!
(GROAN) WHAT FILTHY LUCK! THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE FACING DEATH ALL BECAUSE I LET THE NOOSE GET AWAY!
THE POLICE STILL MAY PICK HIM UP, OR THE HOUSE-KEEPER!
(GROAN) IF ONLY I HAD REMEMBERED ABOUT HER, THE SECRETARY WOULD HAVE BEEN ALIVE AND SPILLED EVERYTHING!
TAKE IT EASY! YOU DID YOUR BEST!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TRIAL IS INTERRUPTED---
HOW DARE YOU TRY TO STOP ME ? I'M AN IMPORTANT WITNESS!
I MUST BE DREAMING—IT'S THE HOUSE-KEEPER ???
I'M SORRY I'M LATE, YOUR HONOR!
YOU ARE EXCUSED AND MORE THAN WELCOME! I'M SURE MY WORTHY COLLEAGUE AND THE ANGEL ARE A BIT PUT OUT BY YOUR APPEARANCE!
I HAVE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, YOUR HONOR! I ASK THAT THE ANGEL BE PERMITTED TO QUESTION THE HOUSE-KEEPER!
NO OBJECTION! PROVIDED I AM PERMITTED TO ASK ONE QUESTION OF HER!


WERE YOU AWARE THAT YOU WERE BEING SOUGHT FOR MURDER ?
YES! THAT'S WHY I CAME! I READ IT IN THE PAPERS! IT'S UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!
THE PACKED COURTROOM TENSES AS THE ANGEL TAKES OVER---
YOU WEREN'T IN YOUR ROOM OR ANYWHERE IN THE HOUSE LAST NIGHT, WERE YOU ?
GRACIOUS ME! OF COURSE NOT!
THE ANGEL BARELY HEARS THE ANSWER AS HIS EYES TRAVEL DOWN TO THE WITNESS' HANDS---
HOW COULD A BODY THINK OF STAYING IN THE HOUSE AFTER THE MURDER OF THE MASTER! I'VE BEEN SLEEPING IN THE CARETAKER'S COTTAGE!
SUDDENLY THE ANGEL TAKES UP THE MURDER WEAPON AND HANDS IT TO THE WITNESS---
DO YOU EVER SEE THIS BEFORE ?
CERTAINLY! IT'S THE POKER FROM THE LIBRARY!
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG---!
THE WEAPON HE USED TO KILL MY MASTER!
YOU LIE! YOU KILLED YOUR MASTER! BECAUSE YOU ARE THE NOOSE!
SWIFTLY FOLLOWING UP HIS ACCUSATION WITH ACTION, THE ANGEL PINS DOWN THE WITNESS AND SWEEPS OFF HAT AND WIG, REVEALING THE SNARLING KILLER!


YOU MEDDLING FOOL! NO ONE IS GOING TO CHEAT ME OF MY REVENGE!
OUCH!
IN A BOUND THE NOOSE IS OFF THE STAND AND OVER TO THE ACCUSED TRIO---
I SWORE AN OATH THAT YOU WILL DIE FOR SENDING ME AWAY!
OH!
DAD! HELP! SAVE HIM!
THE COURTROOM IS IN AN UPROAR AS FRIGHTENED SPECTATORS BLOCK THE ATTENDANT'S EFFORT AT RESCUE!
THE BAILIFFS CAN'T SHOOT FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE CROWD! IT'S UP TO ME! OOPS! SORRY, JUDGE! GETTING THE BREATH KNOCKED OUT OF YOU IS BETTER THAN A SMASHED SKULL!
WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT?
THE FACT THAT THE HOUSEKEEPER WORE GLOVES IN SPITE OF THE BLISTERING HEAT! WE KNOW NOW IT WAS TO HIDE THOSE CRUEL POWERFUL HANDS!
THE GLOVES WOULD ALSO ACCOUNT FOR THE LACK OF PRINTS ON THE POKER! WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, GAVE HIM AWAY! NO OLD LADY COULD WAVE THAT HEAVY WEAPON THE WAY THE NOOSE DID!
YOU WONDERFUL MAN!
THANKS! THANKS, SO MUCH!
THE END
8

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?

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* * * THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

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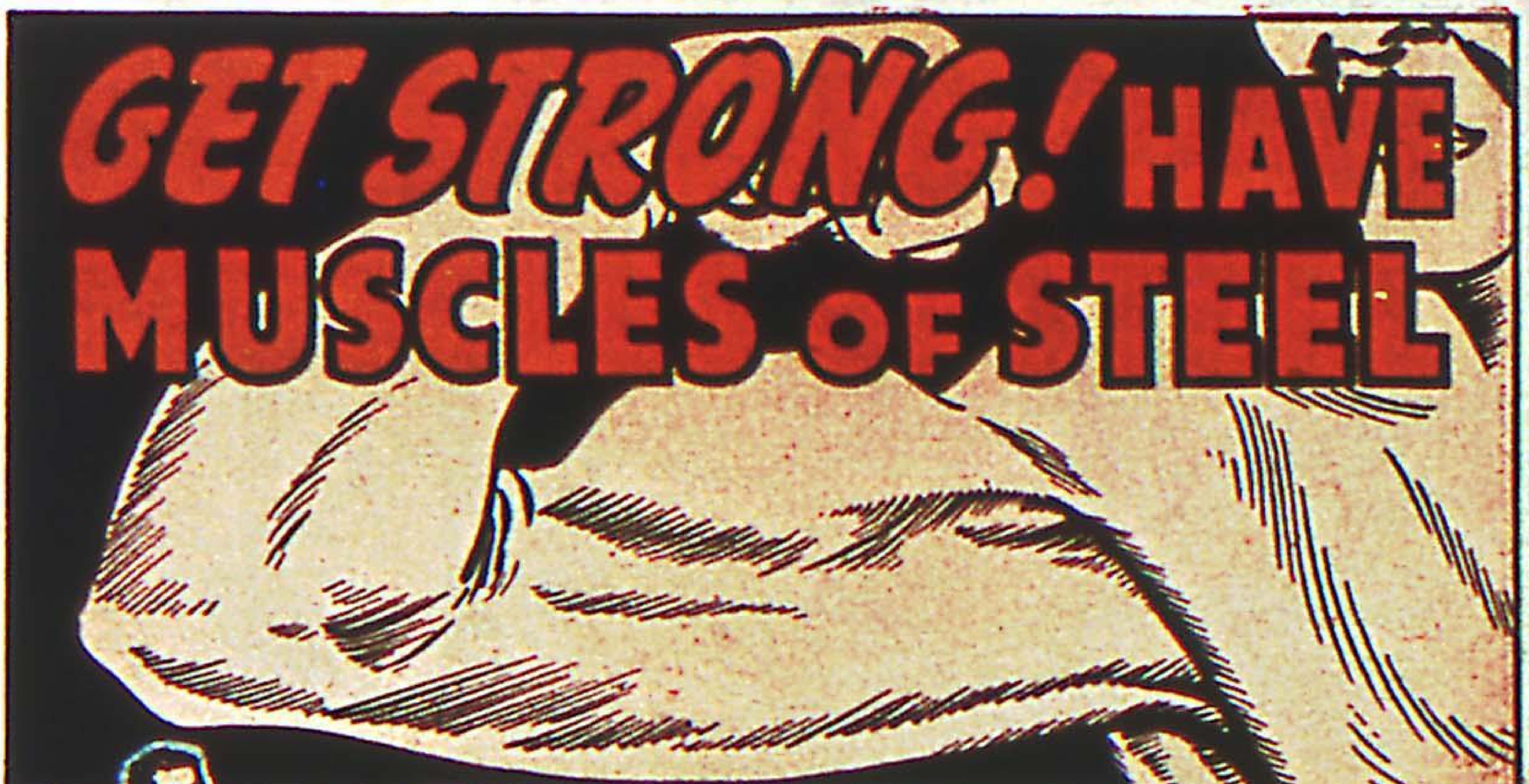

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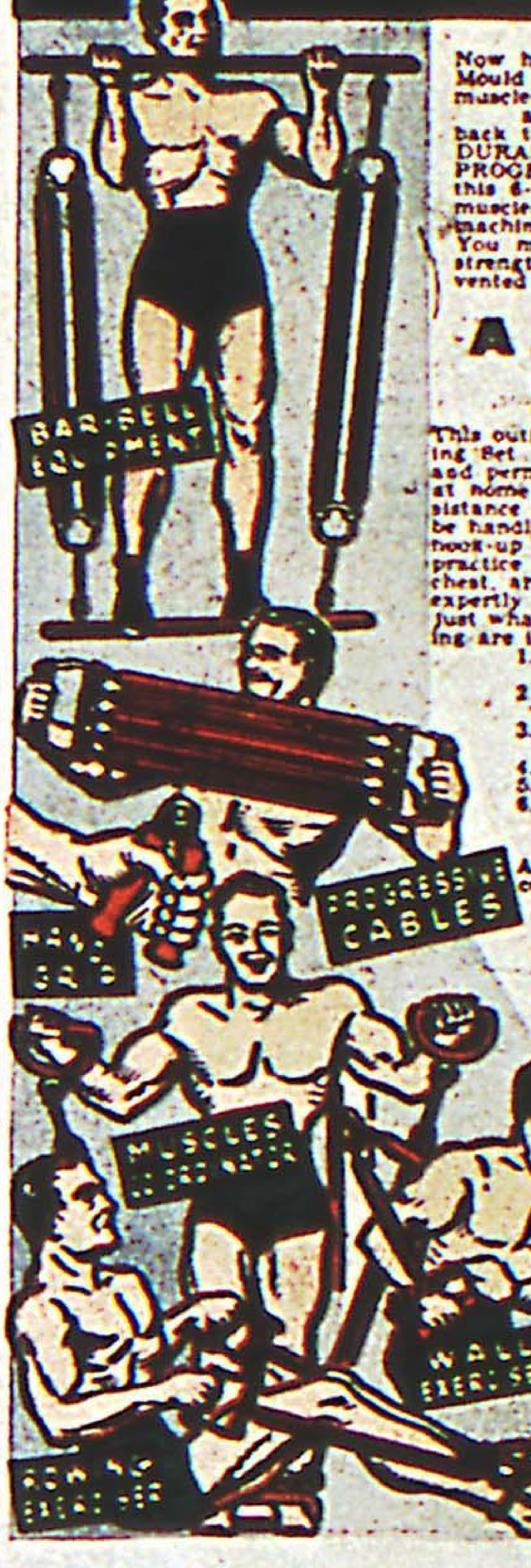

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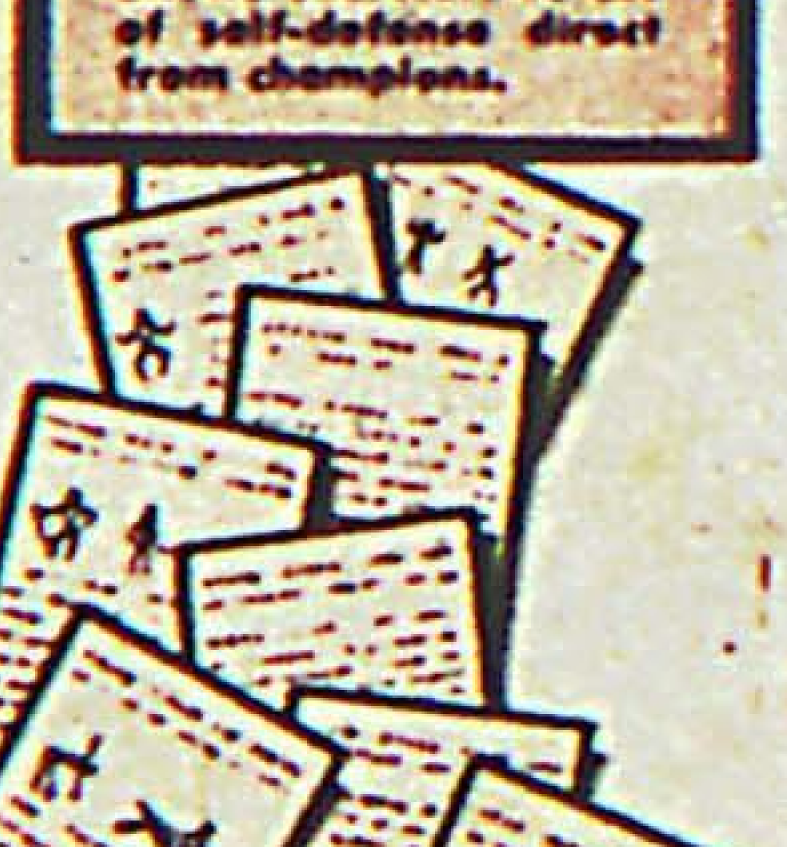

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